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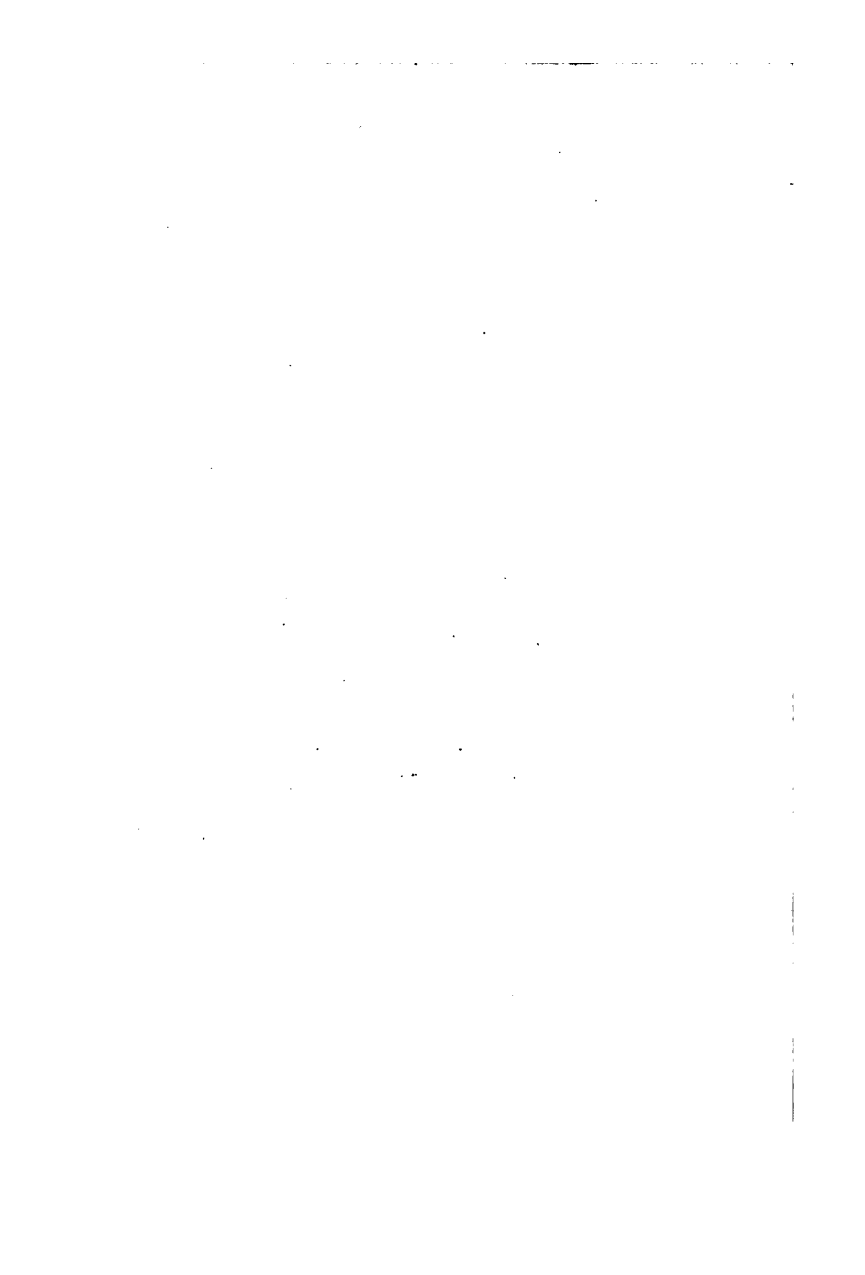


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Palæstine-Description

THREE WEEKS
IN
PALESTINE
AND
LEBANON.

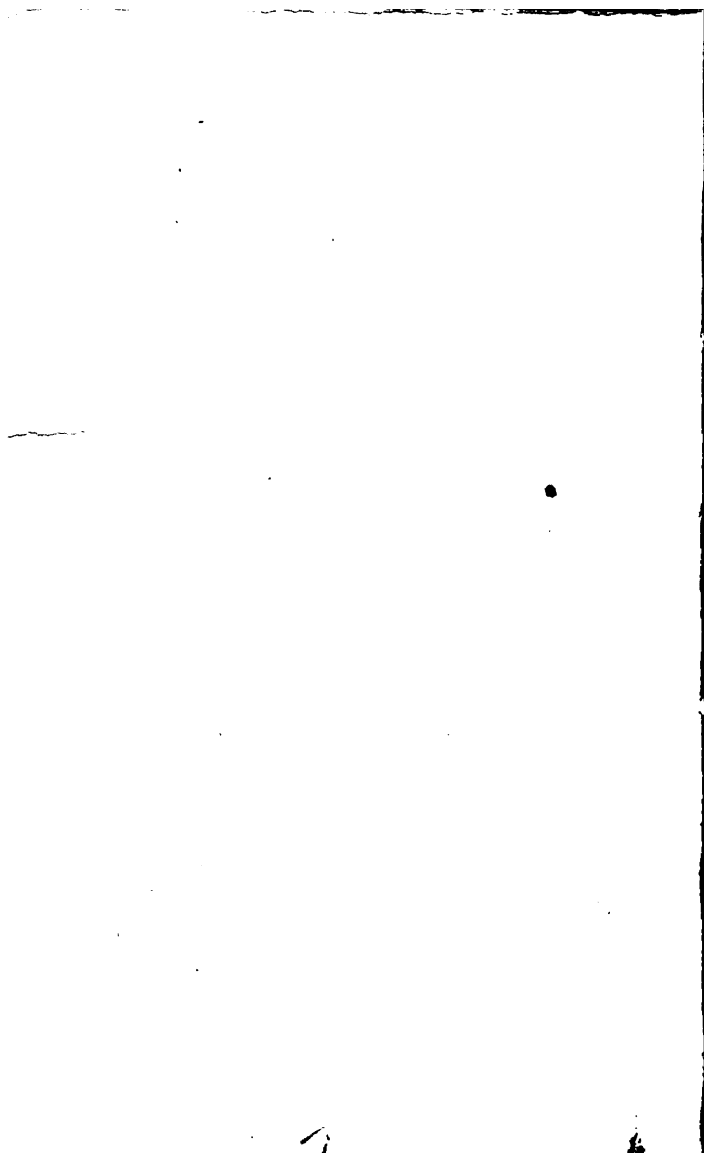
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The Views of Joppa, the Holy Sepulchre, Bethlehem, the Tombs of the Kings, and Bethany, are not from the Author's sketches.

PALESTINE AND LEBANON.


A VISIT to Jerusalem being determined on, the route from Cairo across the Desert, which I should have much preferred, was voted by the majority of the party to be too fatiguing an enterprise. We therefore descended the Nile in a kangia to Damietta, purposing to proceed from thence by sea to Jaffa, or some other port on the coast of Palestine.

Damietta, where we were detained for several days before we could accomplish our object, is chiefly impressed upon our memories by incessant suffering from what still continues to be one of the plagues of Egypt—*horresco referens**. One would fancy that it must be the head-quarters of the legions of Beelzebub, the Insect-god. The flies literally blackened the walls, and swarmed in myriads upon every article of food set before us; so that we were obliged to wage war against them constantly with one hand, while we fed with the other; clouds of those blood-suckers, the mosquitoes, attacked us with insatiable voracity, keeping us night and day in a perpetual fever; fleas were so numerous as to impart a vitality

* I shudder as I recount these horrors.

to our clothes, giving them a centrifugal motion, as if they were endeavouring to escape from our limbs; and other animalculæ used their most strenuous efforts to fill up the measure of our discomfort.

Damietta is, however, really pretty for Lower Egypt: it is surrounded with groves of sycamores and palms, with here and there plantations of bananas. The country is exceedingly fertile and well cultivated; rice is extensively grown. The Pasha, Mehemet Ali, (who, like Joseph, has made himself master of all the land in Egypt, and adds to his Vice-regal capacity that of universal farmer and general merchant,) has here large magazines of rice, which we visited, and were shown some very clumsy machinery worked by oxen, used for the purpose of separating the grain from the husk, of which the exhibitors seemed very proud. The chief officer was a thorough Turk of the old school: what we had just seen gave rise to a conversation about the machinery in England,—if conversation it could be called where the talking was all on one side; the Turk scarcely uttering a syllable in reply to our endeavours to entertain him, in return for the pipes and coffee with which he regaled us. At last we desired M. Surur, our Vice-Consul's brother, who attended us as interpreter, to mention the Manchester and Liverpool rail-road, and the speed with which carriages were propelled by steam upon it, giving a



corresponding distance between places in Egypt, that he might the better understand it. Our host moved not a muscle of his countenance, and just condescended the civil remark, "That's a lie!" "But," rejoined our interpreter, "these gentlemen have seen it." Quoth he, "I don't believe it a bit the more for that."

We also inspected the ovens for hatching chickens, *la manifattura di Galline*, as our guide called them, but unfortunately arrived too late to see the little animals ushered into the world. On each side of a long narrow passage, in which we could not stand upright, were ranged these ovens, of a circular form with arched roofs, constructed of clay, in which were placed the eggs wrapped in tow. Once a week a hatching takes place; we found about two thousand chickens running about, which are kept in the ovens for twenty-four hours after hatching, and then sold at the rate of forty for a piastre, or fivepence English. I know not whether it be owing to this unnatural mode of incubation, but the Egyptian fowls are very diminutive and bad-flavoured. The eggs are not larger than a bantam's, rank, and reckoned peculiarly unwholesome; we, however, experienced no bad effects from them; although frequently compelled to use them in considerable quantities from being unable to procure other food.

The fame of a walking-stick gun, with a detonating

lock of simple construction, which one of our party had with him, spread far and wide. One morning we received a message from the Bey who commanded the town, a son-in-law of the Pasha, expressing a desire to see it. We accordingly hastened to comply with his request, and found him seated on his divan, surrounded by his bearded senate, engaged in judicial business, and trying an interesting cause. At our first entrance, the dignity of the court would only allow them to notice us with the usual salutation, and invitation to be seated; but ever and anon most wistful eyes were directed towards us, till at last one, and then another of the counsellors, unable to resist their curiosity, stole down from the divan to handle the gun and snap the lock, and the Bey was presently left alone. He for a time struggled hard to maintain his solitary dignity, but in vain,—the fascination of the gun was too strong, and he soon yielded to it, and joined the rest. The cause was dismissed, and the plaintiff and defendant left to settle their differences between themselves; nothing was attended to but the all-absorbing weapon. The Bey insisted upon having it fired off through the window, which looked down a crowded street. It was useless to represent the danger of discharging a piece loaded with ball in the midst of a densely-populated town. "Oh, never mind that," said he, "fire away!" and we were compelled to satisfy him, from fear of his

doing so himself, and, not improbably, trying the powers of the gun upon the body of some unfortunate Fellah.

The British Vice-Consul at Damietta, Michael Surur, a Syrian Christian, was a smart and somewhat conceited little man, who prided himself upon being superior to the prejudices of the country. As a proof, he offered to introduce us to his wife, and appointed the following day for our visit: we, of course, were delighted to seize such an opportunity of seeing the interior of an Oriental gynæceum, usually so difficult of access. Next morning, the Consul, unable to attend himself, sent his brother to conduct us to the lady, who received us reclining on cushions laid upon the floor. As her husband had spoken of her as being rather old, (her age being one-and-twenty,) and having had six children, we were not prepared to see so beautiful a creature as was presented to our view. The expression of her countenance perfectly accorded with my preconceived notions of Eastern beauty—soft and languishing, with large swimming black eyes, to which the long lashes dyed at the roots with surmeh gave an extraordinary depth and brilliancy: her features were small and regular, and complexion very delicate; her hair of the richest auburn, merely confined by a simple band across her forehead, hung in two long tresses down each side of her neck. Her dress

consisted of a green velvet tunick embroidered with gold, reaching to the knees, and open in front; a petticoat of gorgeous silk, resembling cloth-of-gold, with a pattern of the gayest flowers, bound round the waist with a large Cashmere shawl; her bosom was covered with the thinnest gauze, which certainly answered no purpose of concealment, and a pair of richly-embroidered slippers, without stockings, completed her costume. Her manners were perfectly easy and well-bred. Knowing no language but Arabic, she conversed with us through the medium of her brother-in-law, asking if we were married, how English women dressed, and how they employed themselves—what was our opinion of Egypt? &c. We took leave of her, highly pleased with the interview.

We at length obtained a passage on board a Turkish vessel bound to Saïde (Sidon); the Rais or Captain agreeing to land us at Jaffa. The vessel was lying at Lesbeh, a fort near the mouth of this branch of the river; thither we went, and getting on board, fondly imagined our troubles at an end, little anticipating what yet remained in store. After an hour's delay, seeing no symptoms of moving, we inquired of the Rais why he did not get under-way? *Boghaz ma fish!* "There is no Boghaz," was the reply. "And when will there be a Boghaz!"—"When it pleases God," answered the imperturbable Moslem, discharging with his words, a lengthened

volume of smoke, which said, as plainly as puff could say, that an extra stock both of patience and provisions was requisite.

Boghaz is the term for the narrow and shallow channels through the sand-banks that stretch across the mouths of the Nile, preventing the passage of ships of any burden; a fair wind, and only a certain quantity of that, being necessary to carry any vessel through. A most lame and impotent conclusion to the great river, the river Nile, after a course of two thousand miles! There is an officer, yclept Captain of the *Boghaz*, whose duty it is to report the state of the bar; and the passage must not be attempted without his permission, as he is held responsible for any loss.

Next morning affairs wore a still more dismal aspect. A violent wind, hot as the breath of a furnace, set in, raising the sand, by which we were surrounded as far as the eye could reach, in clouds, till the atmosphere became as thick and yellow as a London fog, filling eyes, nose, and mouth, to suffocation, and penetrating to the deepest recesses of our travelling-bags and portmanteaus, though closely locked. This, for our consolation, we were informed, was the commencement of the *khamseen* winds, which, as the name implies, are of fifty days' duration.

For eight weary days that horrible spell, "*Boghaz ma fish*," bound us to this desolate shore. The ninth

dawned more auspiciously; the wind lulled, and the atmosphere cleared. With anxious eye we watched the progress of the presiding genius, as he passed, seated cross-legged in the stern sheets of his boat, with his everlasting pipe in one hand, and the tiller in the other. Back he came, but "Boghaz ma fish" was still the burden of his song. This was more than any but Mahometan patience could bear; so we attacked our Rais, insisting upon making the attempt, and affirming that as Englishmen we knew more about maritime affairs than all the Turks in the Sultan's dominions, and would guarantee his safe passage: which was no small presumption on the part of four landmen, but under existing circumstances, even shipwreck would have been a relief. Our eloquence prevailed. The cargo was shifted into djerms, large flat-bottomed boats, in which, taking the empty vessel in tow, we stood out to sea. The acquiescence of the Captain of the Boghaz was obtained for a dollar—he was a man of few words, so he pocketed the money, said nothing, but shook his head very ominously. Thrice we struck heavily, but at last, clearing every impediment, we brought up in safety outside the bar.

Our feelings of exultation upon escaping from durance vile can only be appreciated by those who have experienced a similar captivity. This achievement inspired the crew with a vast idea of our

nautical skill. Had we been half an hour later we should have failed. The other craft in the river, seeing our success, stood out after us, but the swell had increased, and compelled them all to tack about and return.

When the cargo was once more stowed away, there followed a most tremendous scene, the settling with the boatmen of the djermes. One would have supposed that the fortunes for life of every individual were depending upon it. Even in common conversation, the pitch of an Arab's voice is so high, and his gestures are so vehement, that to a stranger he appears to be constantly in a passion; but when he is really roused, it baffles description. There were about twenty of these fellows, besides the Rais and his crew, often all stamping at once upon the deck, screaming together till they were nearly black in the face, flourishing their arms with the utmost violence, and tearing their beards and their garments. "There!" roared the Rais, rending open the bosom of his vest, and plucking at the precious ornament of his face, "there, thrust your hands down my throat, and tear my heart out at once." All which was for the matter of a dollar more or less; but this, I believe, is the usual progress of an Arab bargain. The storm was at length allayed, and the mighty affair compromised, to the great relief of our ears.

As soon as we got rid of our vociferous assistants,

we set sail. It was most primitive navigation ; no reckoning was kept, and with the exception of the compass, there was no nautical instrument on board. Luckily we had a fair wind, and had nothing to do but run before it. On rising the second morning, we found ourselves off the Holy Land, but none of the crew could tell us what part of the coast it was ; at this distance it had a pleasing appearance, a gently rising plain, backed by prettily formed hills. The sight of mountains once more was a relief after the dead monotonous flat of Egypt, which is most wearisome. We ran along-shore all day, and it was not till 5 P.M. that we were abreast of Jaffa, when the vessel lay-to, till a boat came off from the town to take us ashore. As the Rais and his crew had been very civil and obliging, we presented them with a couple of dollars beyond our bargain, which so delighted them, that, Christian dogs as we were, they embraced us rather too affectionately, clapping us on the back, and crying, *Bon Inglesi! ben Inglesi!* (Good Englishmen.)

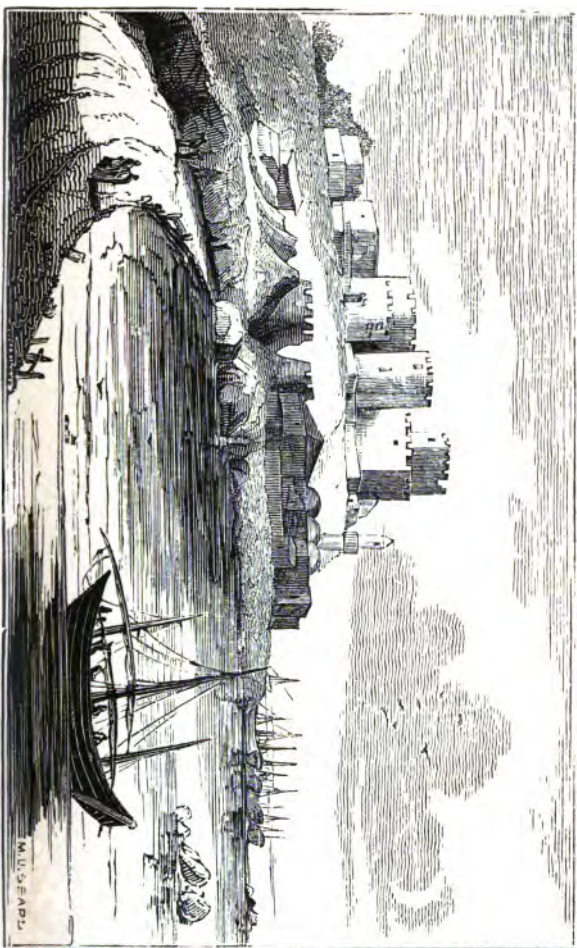
On Wednesday, 30th of March, 1831, we landed at Jaffa, the ancient Joppa, and took up our quarters with the British Vice-Consul, Signor Damiani, a Levantine, who received us hospitably. He assured us that his house stood on the site of Simon the Tanner's, St. Peter's host ; and, lest we should be sceptical, pointed out upon his premises a portion of

ancient wall as a veritable relic of the original mansion. As seeing is believing, we could no longer doubt the truth of the worthy Consul's assertion; and, indeed, there was no improbability in it, for the situation corresponds with that of Simon's dwelling, being "*by the sea-side,*" close to the water's edge. Association adds so much to the interest of all one visits, that I am come with a full determination of believing all I can, disliking those unimaginative, matter-of-fact persons, who travel only to doubt. Indeed, I think considerable faith is due to local tradition, where it involves no absurdity, and there is no decided evidence against it. Take away the interest of its connexion with St. Peter, and Signor Damiani's mansion is forthwith converted into an ill-furnished, uncomfortable Turkish house; into a single miserable apartment of which four of us have been crammed to dovetail our mattresses as best we can, so as not to interfere with one another; but, suppose it to have once lodged an Apostle, and we would not exchange it for the best hotel in Europe.

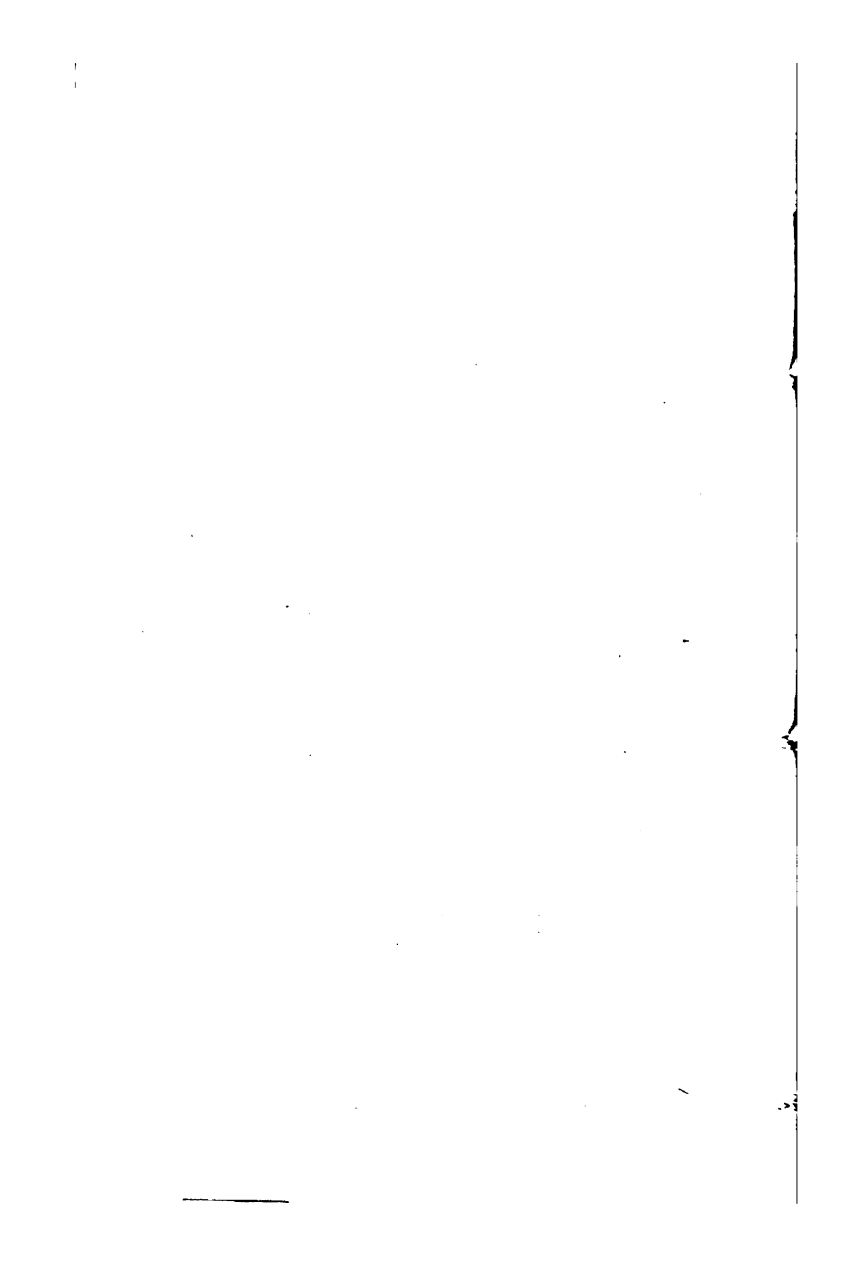
Before retiring to rest, I went out upon "the house top" to enjoy my own reflections. The night was delicious—the moon and the host of heaven shone in the blue firmament with a splendour unknown in our own hazy atmosphere; "it was only day a little sick." No sound was heard but the music of the waters breaking gently over the circular

reef of rocks which forms the little harbour of Jaffa, in which lay motionless three or four Greek brigantines, which had that morning discharged their living cargoes of pilgrims, hastening to Jerusalem, for the Holy Week. What a crowd of thick-coming fancies, what a host of reminiscences, chased each other through my brain! I could scarcely believe the reality of the fact, that I was in that land whose wondrous history, associated with the earliest impressions of childhood, affords, year after year, new and increasing interest to those who will duly study its records—that I stood on the sacred soil which had given birth to Incarnate Deity—it might be on the very spot where the vision appeared to the Apostle, declaring that the partition-wall between Jew and Gentile was broken down, and that the Glory of Israel was also to be the light to lighten the Heathen.

The meteor flag of Britain had been hoisted in honour of our arrival; it floated above me on the breeze, glancing brightly in the moonlight, and carried my thoughts irresistibly homewards. The contrast between England's condition at the period of our Saviour's birth and at the present came forcibly before me. What was she then? An island inhabited by naked miserable savages, given up to a sanguinary idolatry. What is she now? The Chosen of the Earth, invested by the Almighty with the



View of Joppa.



privileges of the once favoured sons of Abraham—the depositary of his oracles, the guardian of his holy faith; and her flag, however glorious its triumphs, under the Lord of Hosts, while braving the battle and the breeze, has the still higher pre-eminence of being His instrument to bear the glad tidings of salvation to the uttermost parts of the earth. May she never be insensible of these lofty privileges—never forfeit her high estate! I could have worn the night away in sauntering up and down upon the roof; but the fatigue I had undergone for the last ten nights, passed upon an uneasy couch, made upon the hard rice-bags which formed the freight of the Turkish bombard that brought us from Damietta, sufficiently reminded me that, however active the mind, the body stood in considerable need of repose; so, wrapping myself up in my cloak, I stretched myself upon my mattress, and was soon fast asleep; and thus ended my first day in Palestine.

The next morning was occupied in taking a brief view of Jaffa, which stands upon a conical hill, or promontory, whose base on three sides is washed by the sea: landwards the town is defended by a wall. It contains no considerable buildings: the streets are narrow, irregular, and ill-paved, as is the case with all Oriental towns. The scene of the massacre of the prisoners by order of Napoleon was pointed out to us: it was on the beach, to the south of

Jaffa. Four thousand were murdered in cold blood, having surrendered upon promise of quarter. They were Barbaresques, natives of Algiers, Tunis, and other towns on the Barbary coast, who had been sent to the assistance of Djeddar Pacha. Buonaparte's plea for putting them to death was, that they had been prisoners before, but liberated upon their parole, which they had broken. Of the truth of the poisoning of the French troops we were also assured by Signor Damiani; but their numbers have been greatly exaggerated. We had, however, little time to spare for inspecting Jaffa and its environs, being anxious to reach Jerusalem next day, Good Friday, in time to witness the various ceremonies in the church of the Holy Sepulchre; we, therefore, engaged mules to convey us, and, leaving part of our baggage and one of four servants, nearly blind with ophthalmia which he had caught in Egypt, we set off about two o'clock P.M. for Ramlah (Arimathea), distant six hours, where we intended to sleep.

After issuing through the gate, our road lay for a short way between gardens belonging to the principal inhabitants of Jaffa, hedged round with the *figus indicus*, or prickly pear, and filled with vines, orange, almond, and other fruit-trees, which showed, by the luxuriance of their growth, how amply the land would repay the toil of cultivation. After emerging from these gardens we entered upon the Plains of Sharon,

an unenclosed and gently undulating country, stretching eastward to the mountains which "stand round about Jerusalem," northward to Carmel, and southward to the Desert. They are partially cultivated; the soil appeared light but good; indeed the gardens of Jaffa afforded sufficient evidence of its capability; but the grinding exactions of the Turk, and the predatory incursions of the Arab, prevent the wretched inhabitants from tilling more than is absolutely necessary for their support; and, excepting in the towns, the land seemed quite depopulated. It was new to us to see the husbandman ploughing, with a musket slung at his back and pistols in his girdle. The ploughs were of the rudest and most primitive construction, drawn generally by two miserable steers, and in one instance, we saw an ass and a heifer unequally yoked together. Where the land was not under crops, it was covered with lilies, and the plant commonly known among us by the name of the Great Star of Bethlehem in profusion.

We passed a large herd of camels, at least a hundred and twenty, and saw great numbers of very elegant cranes, which allowed us to approach quite near them without moving. There was only one village between Jaffa and Ramleh, about midway, close to which was an extensive grove of very large and aged olive-trees, which we were told had been planted by the Crusaders. At sunset, our Arab

muleteers halted to perform their devotions and prostrations, which ceremony lasted about four or five minutes; after which we pushed on rapidly, but did not reach our destination till some time after dark.

We went directly to the *hospitium* belonging to the Franciscan convent at Jerusalem, and built expressly for the reception of pilgrims on their way to and from the Holy City. After knocking for a considerable time at the gate, the servants at length came, and having first reconnoitred us through a trap-door, admitted us and Demitri, our dragoman, a Greek, but left the Arabs and mules to seek lodging and refreshment elsewhere. We were ushered into the presence of the monk who had charge of the place, Padre Tommaso, a Spaniard, a remarkably fine old man of eighty-two, with a long snow-white beard, and all the fire of youth in his piercing black eyes. He was seated in a recess open to the cloisters, which ran round the court, with a table and lamp before him. The Padre was not in the best of humours, and received us very ungraciously, never offering to rise from his seat, and scarcely deigning to return our salutations; whereupon, I presented our credentials, in the form of a letter we had obtained at Rome from the General of the Order—*Che cosa è?* quoth the Padre—"What's this to me? I am here to receive every body that comes." However, though he affected to treat thus cavalierly the

epistle of his Superior, it had its effect, as presently his manner softened, and he began to converse with some urbanity, inquiring after European news; and soon after conducted us in person to the refectory, apologizing for being obliged to make us *far' la penitentia* (do penance), as it was a strict fast. He then bowed and retired, leaving us to solace ourselves, as we best could, upon a small dish of plain boiled rice, and a dozen dried olives, accompanied by a bottle of the sourest, thinnest potation that ever usurped the name of wine.

What a supper for four hungry Englishmen, who had tasted nothing for upwards of twelve hours, and whose appetites had been sharpened by a long ride! Our heretical stomachs felt by no means disposed *cos?* "*far la penitentia*," and rebelled most contumaciously against both the quantity and quality of the viands. I looked at the sparsely garnished board, and then at the firm erect form of the retiring monk, and forthwith the admirable scene in *Ivanhoe* between "him of the lion heart," and the clerk of Copmanhurst presented itself vividly to my recollection. But here alas! the likeness ended; the Padre did not disclose the secrets of his cupboard, nor bring to light the venison pasty, which formed so delightful a sequel to the dish of peas, that his worthy brother set before the king; consequently, we were obliged to make the most of our scanty

fare; to which, by dint of a piastre, as *bucksheesh*—i. e. fee—to the cook, we succeeded in gaining the addition of an omelette, notwithstanding which, we retired from table nearly as hungry as we had sat down.

We were then conducted to our sleeping-apartments, containing two beds each, with very coarse but clean linen. As we had not enjoyed the luxury of sheets since leaving Malta, we anticipated a most comfortable night's rest—delusive hope! scarcely had our heads been laid on the pillow, ere those murderers of sleep, the mosquitoes, attacked us in myriads, and prevented us from closing our eyes. No rousing was needed in the morning; we were up before dawn. While breakfast was preparing, we ascended the flat roof of the *hospitium*, to take a survey of Ramlah and its environs.

The morning was lovely, and the sun just peeping over the mountains to the east. The fresh and brilliant colouring of dawn shed over the surrounding landscape a beauty that did not really belong to it. However, the immediate vicinity was pretty: the garden hedges of prickly pear and other shrubs gave it a pleasing appearance of cultivation, and to the south, about a mile distant, rose from behind a grove of magnificent olive-trees, a lofty and handsome tower, of the time of the Crusades, now used as a minaret to the mosque below, which, viewed

from where we stood, had much of the character of an English church-tower, and added greatly to the scene. Ramlah itself is a wretched dilapidated place, but exhibits the marks of having once been a more extensive and flourishing town than it is at present.

When we had despatched our scanty morning meal, we went to take leave of the old Padre, who, while he deprecated the idea of receiving any gratuity, quietly dropped into his pouch the two dollars which we presented to him, and wishing us *buon viaggio* (a good journey), bowed us out.

We rode directly through the town, and, having cleared the houses, came to a large cistern, round which were collected a crowd of Pilgrims, waiting for the accession of their brethren of the staff and cockle-shell, who were continually streaming in from the various quarters where they had passed the night, that they might march forward in a body for better security against the Bedouins, who very frequently attack them before they reach the mountains. Indeed, scarcely a year passes that some are not murdered and stripped by these marauders; and a very short time before, five or six of these unfortunate people had been slain by them.

Their numbers must have amounted to several hundreds; they formed a most motley and picturesque group, exhibiting a great variety of Eastern costume, men, women, and children of all ages, some

slung in panniers across the backs of camels, others on horses, mules, or donkeys, but the greater part on foot. Among them we perceived but three Franks besides ourselves: two were Italians, and the third a Pole, M. Jabbaz, chancellor and dragoman to the Russian consulate at Jaffa. He was attended by a Janissary, an Arnaut Mussulman, who seemed to consider himself by far the most important personage present. He was a fine-looking fellow, dressed in the magnificent and becoming costume of Albania, and rode up and down as if he had been the Prophet himself, twisting his huge mustaches, and ever and anon laying his staff of office with no sparing hand upon the backs of all who did not clear the way before him. At one unfortunate Arab, who had somehow excited his wrath, and tried to slip away from his vengeance, he discharged it javelin-fashion, and striking him full in the back, brought him to the ground; he then commanded him to pick up the weapon and bring it to him, and upon his hesitating, levelled his blunderbuss, swearing that he would blow his brains out if he refused to do his bidding. The Arab appeared to have no doubt that he would be as good as his word, as he immediately complied; and presenting the cane, with great humility kissed the hem of his garment.

We joined M. Jabbaz, and being all well-armed, determined to press onwards without waiting for the

main body; besides, we looked upon our Arnaut hero as a host in himself, enough to frighten a whole tribe of Bedouins, who moreover are never inclined to attack those from whom they may expect resistance.

In three hours we reached the foot of the mountains, where our guides recommended us to keep together, and be on our guard against the Arabs, who, they said, might not improbably be lurking in some of the adjoining ravines, whereupon, our guns and pistols ready, looking as fierce and blood-thirsty as we could, we advanced in battle-array: but our valour was not put to the test, as we did not see a creature. These mountains are of calcareous formation; the ascent was by a very rocky and uneven path, so narrow that we were obliged to advance in single files, among shrubs and brush-wood of various kinds, with here and there an oak of considerable dimensions: the anemone, ranunculus, and other beautiful flowers were blooming in profusion on all sides. Three hours of a very wearisome riding brought us to a more open valley, in which was situated an Arab village named Bethoor, supposed to have been the ancient Bethoron, where we saw a large square building with pointed windows, apparently of the era of the Crusades. The sheikh of this place, by name Abou Goosh, is a notorious robber, who used heretofore to levy heavy contributions upon all travellers, or rather to pillage their baggage of whatever excited

his cupidity, and, while the unhappy sufferers were undergoing the process of plunder, exhibited for their entertainment the fruits of his previous depredations, as presents gratuitously bestowed upon him by "Milordo Inglese" this, or "Signor Francese" that.

This man once formed the daring scheme of seizing on Jerusalem and establishing himself there, and had well-nigh succeeded in the attempt. His various acts at length roused the attention of the Porte, and a mandate was issued to Abdallah Pasha of Acre, or rather Sidon, which is the true title of the Pashalik, to reduce him to better behaviour, which had been recently put in execution; consequently, we were suffered to pass without molestation: nevertheless, our guides, doubtful of this constrained honesty, and unwilling to put it to too severe a test, would not permit us to linger a moment, but hurried us through rapidly. The chief, surrounded by some twenty of his banditti, fine tall fellows, armed to the teeth, was seated under a tree enjoying his pipe, and cast most covetous and sinister glances upon us as we passed; however, not a word was said to us, although they were evidently making their remarks upon us. Up another valley to the right, at the distance of three or four miles, he possesses a hill-fort, which appeared a strong position.

Proceeding half a mile further we halted beside a scanty brook to rest and refresh the mules, and

renovate ourselves with whatever our commissariat could supply, and a siesta beneath the shade of an olive-tree, which was very grateful, the heat being oppressive.

Continuing our journey, we passed some Roman ruins of reticulated brickwork, and descending into a narrow valley, crossed an insignificant stream, over a bridge, which I presume to have been also Roman. In this valley was a small village, surrounded with pear, cherry, and fig-trees, pomegranates and vines, some of whose stems were of a size too large to be spanned with both hands. Naked, stony, and desolate, as were the hills through which we wound our way, they exhibited indisputable signs of ancient and very extensive cultivation. The marks of terraces, such as are seen on the maritime road between Nice and Genoa, are evident to their very summits: that it is a soil in which the vine would flourish luxuriantly, the stems we saw bore ample proof. Had the Genoese and Sardinian territories above-mentioned, rich and smiling as they now are, been subjected to a ruthless and continuous tyranny of eighteen centuries, such as has pressed its withering arm upon these vineyards of Ephraim, I have no doubt they would present the same sterile and desolate appearance.

In three hours more from our bivouac, we came

in sight of the Holy City. On the way I was stopped by a female Arab, whose head was decorated with strings of silver coins, and who most closely examined my light-coloured kid gloves, which appeared to puzzle her excessively. We also passed a Turkish grandee and his suite, splendidly mounted and equipped, but he did not condescend to take the slightest notice of us.

The first view of Jerusalem from the Jaffa road is by far the least imposing point from which it can be seen: I own I felt wofully disappointed. The approach is over table-land of some extent, and the wall on this side, standing upon higher ground than the town itself, entirely conceals it: in fact, nothing is visible but a battlemented wall with square towers at intervals. I had pushed on before the party, and, upon arriving near the gate, dismounted and sat down upon a stone by the way-side to await their approach, ruminating upon the past, the present, and the future. I was quickly roused from my reverie by the whiz of a bullet close to my ear, which speedily put all my ideas to flight. Springing up with great alacrity, I saw a Turkish soldier recovering his musket, and coolly walking off, no doubt esteeming it excellent sport to startle a Giaour. If by accident he had happened to blow his brains out, such slight mischance would have been of no great consequence. These accidents not

unfrequently occur, as the Turks are continually galloping in all directions to display their horsemanship, and firing their pistols during these evolutions, which are invariably loaded with ball, without much regard to what may be in their way.

Another time a bullet passed between the legs of one of my companions. An Arab, who was standing near me during this little adventure, came up, and was very loquacious. I could only respond, *Arabo ma fish!*—"I can't speak Arabic;" at which he laughed heartily, saying, *Tyeb, tyeb!*—"Good, good!" continuing his discourse, notwithstanding, which I have no doubt was highly edifying, could I have only understood it.

Upon entering the town, ruined houses in desolate heaps first presented themselves; then passing down two very narrow and wretchedly-paved streets, we reached the Greek Convent of San Costantino, where, at the persuasion of our new acquaintance, the Russian Chancellor, we took up our quarters, relinquishing our original intention of going to the Franciscan Convent, which, as we discovered in the sequel, was the cause of much jealousy on the part of the latter. We were provided with very comfortable apartments, surrounded by a well-cushioned divan, our seat by day and couch by night, and treated with an excellent supper of rice, eggs, and cheese, with white wine of Bethlehem, which was

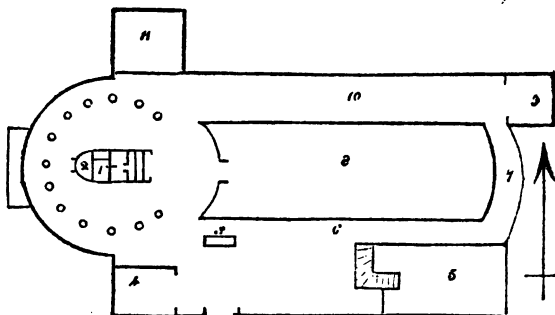
by no means unpalatable, although it had a somewhat earthy and bitter taste.

Having despatched a hasty meal, we hurried off to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to attend the service of the crucifixion. Oh! what a scene awaited us!—What a Babel of unhallowed discord! The *religio loci*, (the reverential awe,) with which I was at first strongly impressed, was quickly dissipated by the mummeries that were enacted, and the thousand unchristian horrors that assailed us on every side. Well may the Moslem scoff, the Infidel point the finger of scorn, at such Christianity as this! It resembles more the rites of Hindoo superstition than the solemn worship of a Christian temple; and from all I saw and heard, I have much reason to fear that the precincts of an idol sanctuary seldom enclosed an assemblage of worse and more unholy passions than were then concentrated upon the very spot where Christ died. The most intense hatred and spirit of rivalry exist among the various sects of professing Christians, who take every opportunity of slandering each other. Each endeavours to bribe the Turk to oppress the other, and were it not for the iron hand that keeps them all down, they would tear one another to pieces.

It was the Roman Catholic service that was performed this evening, to which those of other persuasions paid no attention whatever; on the con-

trary, they seemed bent upon disturbance, talking, walking about, yelling, screaming, making every possible noise that could desecrate the spot. The lash, too, of the Turkish whip, laid on with no lenient hand by the Janissaries appointed to preserve order, perpetually resounded through the church; and they also joined in the work of desecration, rushing in, as the officiating priest waved the censers of incense, and sprinkled rose-water over the image of Christ, to catch it in their hands in order to perfume their beards. Was it possible that all this was done upon the sacred spot where the Son of God, as on this very day, poured forth his atoning blood, and taught those heavenly lessons of peace and love with which his Gospel abounds? My first feeling was that of indignant anger, which quickly subsided into deep humiliation, at this painful sight of degraded humanity; and of humble gratitude to God that I was born in a land where the light of true religion is shed abroad. But for his mercy we might have been like those wretched beings upon whom I gazed, *Κύριε ἕως ποτέ*—"Lord, how long?" was the question continually recurring to my mind. How long shall it be before this wilderness shall blossom like the rose beneath the unobscured beams of the Sun of Righteousness? Surely the curse of the Almighty does visibly rest upon Jerusalem; it is accursed alike in Christian, Jew, and Gentile.

The annexed ground-plan of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre pretends to no accuracy, either of proportion or detail, being drawn from recollection, and is merely given to afford a general idea of its form, and of the ceremonies performed therein.



1. The Holy Sepulchre itself, situated beneath a dome supported by a circular row of marble pillars.

2. A little chapel attached to it, belonging to Coptic and Abyssinian Christians.

3. A large slab of marble, marking the spot where the body of our Saviour is said to have been embalmed.

4. Divan, where the Turkish toll-gatherers sit.

5. Chapel of the Crucifixion, up a flight of steep stairs, beneath which are places of refreshment.

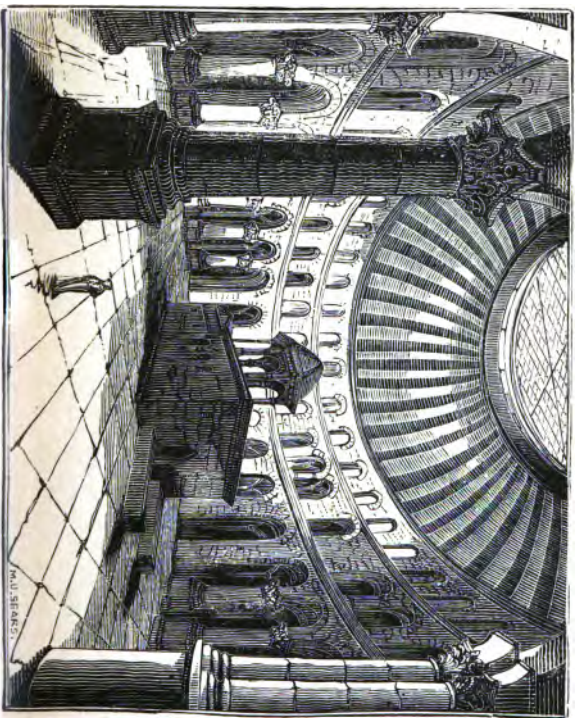
6, 7, 10. Cloisters.

8. Body of the Church, appropriated to the Greeks.

9. Chapel of St. Helena, where the Cross is said to have been discovered by her.

11. Chapel belonging to the Roman Catholics.

Immediately upon entering, on the left hand, is a recess, in which were seated ten or twelve Turks



Church of the Holy Sepulchre

M. J. SPARKS

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smoking and drinking coffee; these were the receivers of the toll, which forms a considerable item in the revenues of Jerusalem. Two *parahs* * are exacted from each individual every time he enters; and as the number of pilgrims then assembled in the Holy City was computed to amount to seven or eight thousand, the collection at the end of the Holy Week would amount to a considerable sum. Those, however, who are provided with *tescheres* (passports) from the Pasha or the Porte, are exempt, as are also Russian subjects by a late treaty. We entered as the latter, under the escort of the Janissary of the Russian Consulate, the fierce Arnaut before mentioned.

The church was thronged with people of all denominations—Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, Copts, Abyssinians, &c.,—each profession possessing a portion of the edifice exclusively to itself, while the Holy Sepulchre is common to them all. Among these were scattered some Turks and Arabs, the former officially engaged for the preservation of order, the latter attracted by curiosity. We had, at first, some difficulty in forcing our way through the crowd, till our Janissary, to our great scandal, proceeded to clear a path for us after the manner of the Turks, and, laying his cane most lustily upon the heads and shoulders of all before him, quickly enabled us to advance.

* A *parah* is about three-farthings English.

Reaching the cloisters, we found the Franciscans marching in procession round the church, with tapers in their hands, chanting the Miserere. We joined the ranks, and, having completed the circuit, halted, when one of the monks stepped forward, and preached in Spanish. As soon as the discourse was concluded, the procession again moved on, resuming their chant, and mounted by a flight of stairs to the Chapel of the Crucifixion, where an Italian Padre addressed the congregation in his native tongue, upon the subject of the Redeemer's passion. This chapel had three altars, over which were three figures upon crosses, as large as life, representing our Saviour and the two thieves. I asked an Italian monk, who stood by, how it happened that an altar had been dedicated to both thieves, as it was recorded that one had died reprobate? "Oh," replied he, "it is not ascertained on which side of our Saviour the penitent thief was crucified; it has therefore been thought expedient to have an altar for each, for fear of a mistake."

The central cross was now taken down, and the nails extracted from the large jointed figure of Christ, which was then laid in a linen sheet, and borne to the marble slab, that marked the place assigned by tradition as that where the body of Jesus was embalmed previous to sepulture. As soon as the image was deposited thereon, numbers of pilgrims came and



prostrated themselves before it, in the lowliest posture of Oriental abasement, rubbing their foreheads in the dust of the pavement, and imprinting kisses upon the image and the marble upon which it lay, with many crossings and prayers, accompanied, in some instances, with tears, evincing every mark of sincerity. Poor creatures! how sad to think they were not better directed! A Franciscan then came forward to address the surrounding multitude in Arabic.

At this period of the service, the pictorial effect was magnificent and sublime. The scene was such as Rembrandt would have exulted in, and such as Rembrandt alone could have painted. The lights and shadows cast by the numerous torches were equal to the finest efforts of his imagination. In the centre stood the prominent figure of the group, the preacher—a tall, handsome, but austere-looking Spaniard, whose eyes, of the darkest hue, flashed fire as he warmed on his subject. His Franciscan garb, bound, not indeed with a leathern girdle about his loins, but with the knotted cord of his order—the Oriental tongue in which he spoke—his vehement, impassioned, but not ungraceful action—all combined to bring the Baptist vividly before the fancy. His audience too were strictly in keeping, and in costume and appearance admirably represented those who flocked to hear the voice of him that cried in the

wilderness. The turbaned heads, the bearded faces, the flowing robes—the wealthy Maronite and Armenian, in garments of fine cloth and rich silks, standing beside the wild Arab in his simple shirt of blue cotton, and the fierce-looking Bethlehemite clad in his woollen bernoos, alternately striped white and brown—the Greek Caloyer, with his raven locks flowing over his shoulders from beneath the quadrangular black cap, and a noble black beard; and his lay countryman in his close red skull-cap, ornamented with a blue tassel, surmounting the same profusion of hair, richly embroidered vest and jacket, white petticoat and scarlet greaves, still the *καρηκομῶντες καὶ εὐκνημίδες Ἀχαιοί*,

The full-haired and well-greaved Greeks,

with various others, formed a group at once diversified and harmonious, with which our angular and scanty European habiliments did not at all assimilate.

When the Arabic discourse was brought to a close, the monks bore away the body to the Holy Sepulchre, where it was deposited till Easter day, when the ceremony of the Resurrection is to be performed. The people were once more addressed, in Italian, and so the service concluded. I returned to our quarters at the convent with a strange mixture of feeling.

Next morning we went to deliver a letter of introduction, which we had received from Messrs. Kruse and Lieder, German missionaries at Cairo, to

Ysa Petros, a Greek priest, of whom Jowett, in his *Christian Researches*, speaks with high commendation. He is a man of considerable learning for this part of the world, skilled in the Eastern tongues, and not ignorant of European languages; far superior to his brethren, whose persecution he had excited by the hospitality he had invariably shown, and the assistance he had afforded to the missionaries in furtherance of their objects.

He received us courteously, but at first with some degree of reserve, which however gradually wore off. The timid wandering eye and harassed countenance showed that he found no rest unto his soul in that weary land, and the recollection of what he had suffered perhaps made him fearful that intercourse with us might lead to further trouble. At the instigation of those of his own profession, the Turks had oppressed him with heavy exactions; and, on one occasion, had dragged him from his home, and imprisoned him for a month. I should not have known him to be a priest from his dress. He was clad in a long striped silk under-robe, and blue cloth upper garment, turban and red slippers.

When we entered his apartment, he was studying an Arabic Bible, printed in London by the Bible Society, which he said was full of errors; but mentioned, if I recollect right, a Scotch edition as the most correct that he had met with. In the pride of

his heart he showed us the Lord's Prayer written by himself in sixteen different languages. The poor old man's English version was not a brilliant example of correctness. He conversed with us in French and Italian; the former, however, he spoke with difficulty, the latter tolerably, at least the *Lingua Franca* dialect used in the Levant. We talked about Egypt, where he had resided many years, having lived as tutor in some wealthy family, for whose instruction he had translated Rollin's *Ancient History* into Arabic. Our conversation then turned upon the Greek Testament, the Greek pronunciation, and lastly, upon the differences of our respective creeds, particularly the Procession of the Holy Ghost. We remained an hour with him, during which coffee was several times presented to us.

He returned our visit the same evening, and, during our stay, we called upon him several times. But it was not till the eve of our departure, when he came to take leave of us, that he altogether opened his heart, and spoke to us with entire freedom. That night he conversed much on religious matters, without the least bigotry. He said that the faith of Christ, and him crucified, was what he looked to; that we of the Church of England did the same, and were his brethren. He never made the slightest allusion to anything he had suffered, and, as far as human judgment can decide, I believe him to be a sincere Christian. When he rose to bid us farewell,

one of my companions kissed his hand in token of his respect; upon which he appeared much affected, and threw his arms upon his neck, and blessed him; a simultaneous impulse seized us all, and we eagerly pressed forward to receive his parting benediction. The words of Esau rose to my lips, "Bless me, even me also, oh, my father!" He embraced and blessed us all. I felt as if I were receiving the blessing of some Patriarch of old, and his Asiatic costume, venerable appearance, and full gray beard, favoured the illusion. "We shall not meet again," said he, "we shall never meet again in this world; but I trust, through God's mercy in Christ, we shall meet yonder," pointing to the skies as he spoke: and so he departed. Peace be unto thee, good old man! the single "bright green spot" on which memory loves to dwell in that wide waste, the sole oasis in that moral wilderness! May thy prayer be heard; may we indeed meet once more in the heavenly Canaan, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest!

The Superior of the Convent of San Constantino, where we lodged, came also to pay us a visit of ceremony, attended by his dragoman and others. A great deal of compliment was lavished upon this occasion; but little or no information was obtained from this dignitary; so we were by no means sorry when he relieved us from his presence.

We again visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in order to witness the Greek service, in which there is as much ceremonial as in the Latin. The Archbishop of Jerusalem (the Patriarch being absent) was seated on a throne, before which the priests and pilgrims knelt to kiss his hands. Before the original church, built by the Empress Helena, was destroyed by fire, the Romanists possessed the nave as their exclusive property; but upon its restoration, the Greeks, being the wealthier body of the two, were enabled to contribute more to the work of rebuilding, by means of which, and by intrigue and bribery, they succeeded in ousting their rivals—*hinc illæ lacrymæ*—hence these heart-burnings, jealousies, and animosities between them.

A young Neapolitan friar here joined us, and the burden of his discourse was mockery and vituperation of his rivals. He had evidently been on the watch for us, and reproached us with having gone to the Convent of San Costantino, though we had a letter to his fraternity, saying that they had been some time expecting us, as they had received advices from Rome of our intention to visit Palestine—a remarkable proof of the constant intercourse maintained between Rome and her dependencies. We alleged the incivility of Padre Tommaso, at Ramleh, as one reason why we had not availed ourselves of the introduction; for which, I presume, he received a lecture, as, on our return, we found him much more courteous.

This Neapolitan proved to be lively and agreeable, so we invited him home with us. He was very inquisitive after European news, informed us that he had been three years at Jerusalem, of which he appeared to be heartily tired, and expressed his determination to return to his "dear Naples" when he could raise sufficient funds for the purpose. These monks are not bound to remain more than three years, after which they are at liberty to return to Europe, but at their own expense: should they, however, be dismissed by the Superior, which may be done at any time, the convent is obliged to furnish the means. We dismissed our new friend with a packet of the *Diario di Roma*, as a peace-offering to his confraternity, which he considered a great prize.

The streets of Jerusalem are only partially paved, and in many instances bare and rugged as a mountain path, and so narrow, that two loaded camels can with difficulty pass one another. Each house looks like a little fortress, having but one, or at most two, very small and closely-barred windows towards the street, so that it appears as if one were walking between high blank walls, which makes it doubly dismal.

The rain descended in torrents to-day, at which the people greatly rejoiced, as they were fearful of drought, the cisterns being nearly empty. Though some of the houses are furnished with springs, yet, for the most part, the supply of water is derived from

the clouds. There is generally a sink at one corner of the roofs, to carry off the rain to a well below, where it is preserved cool and free from dirt. The rain confined us to the house all day.

* On Easter Sunday we rose with the lark, to attend high mass at the Holy Sepulchre. There was a repetition of processions and various ceremonies, which would be as tiresome in description as they were in reality; they lasted upwards of two hours, and I must confess I was heartily glad when the close enabled me to escape. I have often heard people talk of the imposing effect of the ceremonies of the Romish Church. If by imposing effect be meant that devotional effect which the worship of the Almighty ought to produce upon the mind, I never yet could discover it, although I have beheld them in their most splendid forms in the finest of earthly temples. Never once have I found my religious feelings excited by them, but, on the contrary, depressed. The gorgeous pageant speaks of man, and not of God. How different the simple ritual of our own Church, possessing just sufficient ceremony to keep the worshipper in mind that he is engaged in the most solemn act of his nature, but nothing superfluous, to distract his attention from the great Object of his adoration.

On the Greek Easter-day, or rather Easter-eve, the juggling farce of the Holy Fire is enacted. when

the archbishop and an attendant priest enter the Holy Sepulchre to perform the annual miracle, (all the lamps being previously extinguished,) which, as is the case with the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples, they are a longer or shorter time in effecting, according as it suits their purpose: meanwhile the congregation, with tapers in their hands, stand without in eager expectation for the disclosure of the heaven-descended flame, towards which, as soon as the archbishop re-appears, there is a simultaneous rush, all eagerly trying to be the first to light their tapers, which consecrated tapers are carefully preserved, to be sewed up in the grave-clothes, being considered a passport to the mansions of bliss.

But all this is innocence itself, compared with the abominations that follow. The rites of the Paphian goddess, to whom Hadrian erected a temple on this spot, to destroy its sanctity in the eyes of Christians, are transferred by men professing to be Christians to the Temple of the Living God. What a horrible and soul-sickening profanation! They are, I am happy to say, endeavouring to put an end to these revolting occurrences. Truly, "the cleansing of the Sanctuary" is as needful for the Christians as for the Jews.

After breakfast we sallied forth through the Jaffa Gate, to make the circuit of the walls, which are about two miles and a half in circumference.

Adjoining this gate is the Castle of the Pisans, having been erected by that people when the city was in the hands of the Christians. It stands upon the site of the *Turris Hippica* of the old Jerusalem, if not upon its very foundations; for its basement, constructed of immense stones, squared but not polished, bespeaks an high antiquity; while the upper portion of the building, formed of more laboured materials, is of much more recent date. Its most ancient form was square, each side being twenty-five cubits, which exactly corresponds with the measurement given by Josephus of the *Turris Hippica*. It is rather surprising that D'Anville, and others who have treated on the subject after him, should have assigned this as the locality of the *Turris Psephina*, when the Jewish historian expressly states that that tower was octangular, whereas the Castle of the Pisans exhibits no trace whatever of the octangular form: besides, he further asserts that it was situated on the north-west of the city, near the Gate of Ephraim, (which answers to that at present called of Damascus,) in an opposite quarter. In the market-place, on the eastern side of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, there yet remain evident vestiges of the third wall of Ancient Jerusalem, squared blocks of stone of considerable magnitude: between this market and the Gate of Damascus, in all probability, was the real site of the *Turris Psephina*.

Turning to the left hand, when we had passed the

gate, we advanced along the brow that overhangs the upper extremity of the Valley of Hinnom to the summit of Mount Zion, upon which stands the Mosque of David, a building no way remarkable either for size or architecture; adjoining which is the Christian burial-ground, where are seen numerous Greek, Latin, and Armenian tombs. Upon those of the Greeks, were rudely carved the tools significant of the occupation of the defunct. Among those of the Latins, was one which afforded a melancholy interest, covering the remains of a young American, named Bradford, who had died the previous year at the Franciscan convent, and had been converted on his death-bed to the Roman Catholic faith, or, as his epitaph ostentatiously set forth, from the Lutheran heresy to Christianity.

During our stay at Jerusalem, Signor Damiani came over from Jaffa for the purpose of reclaiming this youth's baggage from the Superior of the Convent, and requested us to be witnesses to making an inventory of his effects: very little was forthcoming, and neither money nor letter of credit could be found, which made us shrewdly suspect that his father confessors had thought fit to repay themselves for the trouble of his conversion.

The wall that defends the south side of the city, descends from this cemetery in an irregular zigzag to Mount Moriah, and contains two gates, the upper leading into the Armenian and Jewish quarters, the

lower into that of the Mohammedans and to the entrance of the Mosque of Omar. Above the point of junction of the Valley of Hinnom with that of Jehoshaphat, the wall turns sharply to the north, its eastern side running in a direct line along the brow of Mount Moriah, parallel with the latter valley. We calculated that it was here about one hundred feet in height, and it was composed of evenly-cut blocks of very remarkable size, such as are to be found in no other part, which have been evidently used or designed for some anterior purpose. One or two that we measured were twenty-two feet in length by four in height. Several had been cut as corner-stones for some building, and their anterior angles juttied out from the wall, with no attention to order or regularity, thus:

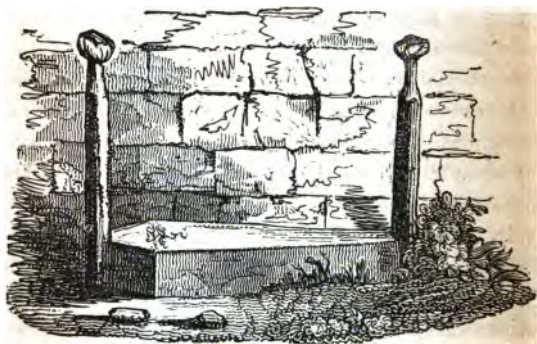


Jowett, in his *Researches*, quoting the remark of the disciples, "Master, see what manner of stones and what buildings are here!" hazards the supposition that they might have belonged to the Jewish Temple; but, as our Saviour doomed it to utter destruction, and history relates that "the ploughshare passed over the beauty of that house," I think the supposition scarcely probable. Besides, these

blocks, though of limestone, exhibit no traces of the action of fire, which must have been the case had they been submitted to that devouring flame which left not one stone upon another, and, as Josephus informs us, made the very mountain, upon which the Temple stood, appear as if it had been one body of fire. As every one, in such dubious cases, is fond of forming his own hypothesis, that which occurred to me was, that these huge stones might possibly have been the preparations of Julian the Apostate, for his impious attempt to nullify the words of the Almighty, by rebuilding the Temple; and, being left upon the spot when the workmen were miraculously interrupted in digging the foundation, were adapted to their purpose by the builders of the wall.

About midway in this eastern wall is placed the Holy or Golden Gate, leading into the Mosque of Omar, or Solomon, as it is indifferently styled, which has been walled up, owing to a superstition on the part of the Moslems that their destruction is to enter by it. It is a singular fact, that the presentiment of their approaching fate is very prevalent among them. As another instance, the breaches in the fortifications of Constantinople, through which the second Mohammed and his conquering host poured into the devoted city, have never been repaired; because, they say, there is a prophecy that they will have to use them once more in evacuating their conquest.

Jutting out from the wall, above the Golden Gate, is the stone upon which, according to popular belief, Mohammed will be seated at the last day, to superintend the general judgment, which the Mohammedans, in common with the Jews, imagine will take place in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Jesus Christ, however, is to be the actual Judge, according to the Moslem creed. One day in the year, the Jews purchase from their oppressors the permission to assemble at this place, which they pass in weeping and mourning over the desolation of Jerusalem and their lengthened captivity. Here also is a Mohammedan burial-ground ;



the tombs are generally very neat and well kept, of different forms, but the most common is that of a coffin, with a pillar at either end supporting a turban,

painted red or green, according as the occupant was or was not a descendant of the Prophet. The green turban, though the symbol of such high descent, has fallen into disrepute; I saw none but the very lowest of the people wearing it.

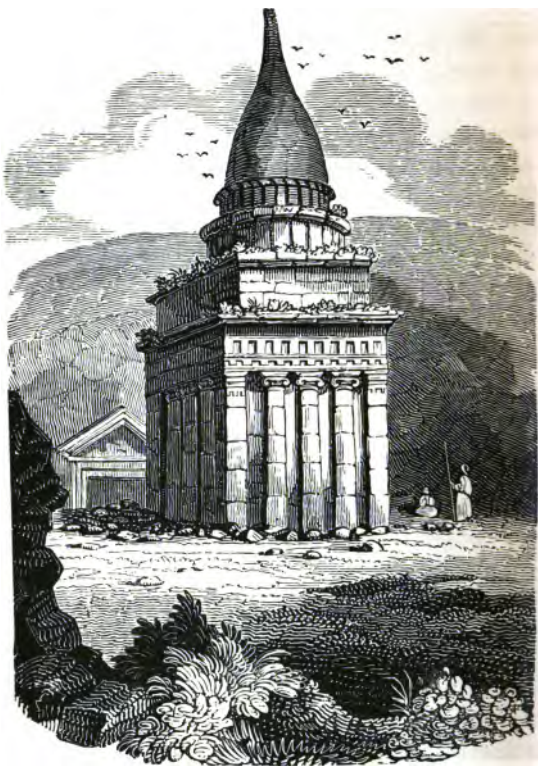
At no great distance from the Holy Gate is that of St. Stephen, through which the proto-martyr was led out to be stoned; close to which is a large and deep cistern, now very scantily supplied with water, said to be that built by King Hezekiah; parallel with which, but within the wall, is the Pool of Bethesda. Hence we descended to the brook Kedron, a mere mountain-torrent, whose bed was perfectly dry at the time we crossed the arch which spanned it.

At the distance of two or three hundred yards, close to the foot of the Mount of Olives, a small enclosure containing a few very large and fine olive-trees, was pointed out to us as the Garden of Gethsemane, and the localities of the various circumstances of our Saviour's agony and arrest are exactly fixed: here he left the three Apostles,—there he retired to pray that the bitter cup might pass from him,—on this spot the traitor Judas gave the kiss,—on that, the soldiers went back and fell to the ground.

Adjoining is a small subterranean chapel, dimly lighted by a few dull lamps, in which are the reputed tombs of the Virgin and of her husband and mother, and, wonderful to say, of Caiaphas. How the

high-priest got into such company it is difficult to account for; but death, like misery, "makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows." The guardianship of this sanctuary is in the hands of the Greeks. The priest whom we found on duty was very civil and obliging, but grossly ignorant; upon leaving we presented him with a piastre, value five-pence; in return for which, he profusely showered down his gratitude upon us in a deluge of rose-water. The descent to this grotto is by forty-six broad and handsome marble steps, covered by a small and pretty building, crowned with a dome, having a very beautifully pointed gothic doorway.

Proceeding thence along the foot of the hill, through the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we reached the sepulchres that bear the names of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, and Zacharias; close to which is the Jewish burial-ground, which, like all that attaches to that unhappy people, bears signal and affecting tokens of desolation. Contrasting sadly with the trim and shapely monument of the Moslem, and the squared and polished slab that marks the last resting-place of the Christian, the block which covers the unhonoured remains of the departed Israelite is rough and unshapen as it came from the quarry, with just sufficient of the upper surface smoothed to receive a simple memorial of the deceased. Even the privilege of interment here must be purchased at a high rate.



Pillar of Absalom.

The ground is so rocky that considerable labour is required to excavate a very shallow grave; one that we saw prepared could not have been more than eighteen inches, or at most two feet deep.

The tombs of Absalom, Jehoshaphat, and Zacharias, are remarkable relics of antiquity,—that of Absalom is the most conspicuous, of which the lower portion is quadrangular, standing entirely detached from the living rock from which it was hewn. Upon the four façades are cut Ionic pilasters, above which is a frieze with Doric metopes and triglyphs. Over this base rises a square piece of masonry of smaller dimensions; and the whole is crowned by a tall conical dome, finishing in a point; immediately behind, in the scarped face of the rock, is the architrave of an entrance to a sepulchral chamber, now completely blocked up with stones. The next in order is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, which is altogether an excavation containing three chambers, the entrance supported by two low Doric columns, to reach which, one is obliged to clamber up the rock. The last is the tomb of Zacharias, whose base, similar to that of Absalom, is quadrangular and isolated from the parent rock, and, in like manner, adorned with Ionic pilasters; but, instead of the metopes and triglyphs, a heavy projecting architrave runs round it, above which rises a smooth pyramid of mason-work.

Whether they be the sepulchres of those to whom

they have been assigned, it is impossible to determine. The mixture of Grecian architecture argues a later age. The latter part of the 23rd chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel suggested an idea that might serve to reconcile the manifest discrepancy between their style and the period to which tradition refers them. Our Saviour, there, upbraiding the Pharisees with being actuated by the same persecuting and unbelieving spirit that had impelled their fathers to shed the blood of the Prophets, though hypocritically pretending to revere the memories of those servants of God, uses the words: "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, because ye build the tombs of the Prophets, and *garnish* the sepulchres of the righteous;" and then declares that upon them shall come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zacharias the son of Barachias; as if the tomb of the latter had been in his mind at the time, and suggested the reproach. According to this supposition, the bases hewn from the rock, possessing the character of that massive sepulchral architecture which the Israelites derived from Egypt, might very well have been the tombs of those to whom they are assigned, while the Ionic pilasters, and other ornaments of a subsequent period, might not improbably have been the very garnishing of the sepulchres of the righteous alluded to by our Saviour, added either



Sepulchre of Jehoshaphat.

in his days or a short time before, when the reduction of Judea into a Roman province, and the example of Herod, had introduced a different style.

To the rear of these rises the Mount of Offence, "where Solomon did build a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon,"—and about a quarter of a mile to the southward, stands the wretched village of Siloam, now an assemblage of low dilapidated stone huts, though it once could boast the palace of Pharaoh's Daughter and Solomon's Queen.

Retracing our steps, midway between these sepulchres and the grotto of the Virgin, we ascended the Mount of Olives, which is a gentler slope, and of far softer character than any of the surrounding hills, cultivated to the summit, and still exhibiting a fair sprinkling of those trees from which it derives its appellation. On the top stands a small mosque, over the spot marked as that from which our Saviour ascended, and the print of his last earthly footstep is shown. The silver key unlocks the door to Christians.

There is no authority beyond monkish assertion for the occurrence of the Ascension here; the relation of St. Luke contradicts it, which says, "He led them forth as far as Bethany; and it came to pass while he blessed them that he was parted from them,

and carried up into heaven." Bethany is not upon the Mount of Olives, but on the other side of it, on the Jericho road. But superstition has established the precise *locale* of every action of our Saviour and all who belonged to him, the round of which the weary pilgrim is compelled to make, before he can obtain a certificate of the saving performance of his pilgrimage. A thousand of these "holy places" are shown within and without Jerusalem, till we become so tired of them, as to cease making further inquiry about them, so utterly absurd are the greater number.

But the Mount of Olives requires not the Ascension to enhance the interest it must excite in every Christian breast. The whole, from its base to its summit, is sacred ground. Hither the blessed Jesus used to retire from the harassing turmoil of the unbelieving city, to enjoy calm seclusion, and instil his divine lessons into the ears of his faithful disciples. Hence he looked down upon the devoted city, weeping at the vision of her impending fate, ere he pronounced the sentence of her awful doom. Here, there can be no doubt: the works of man are swept away with "the besom of destruction;" but the grand features of nature ever continue the same; and on the Mount of Olives the mind reposes with unhesitating delight. Most enjoyable indeed is it to escape from the degrading superstitions and wretchedness of Jerusalem, to wander over this

MOUNT OF OLIVES

holy hill, and giving loose to fit before the "mind's eye" the various moved that wondrous, holy, and whose presence it was hallowed.

A finer or more imposing stand been selected for the denunciation Jerusalem. The panoramic view Below, about the distance of musk only by the deep and narrow ravine Mount Moriah rises steeply from the crowned by the celebrated Mosque the site of its more august pred the domes of the Sanctuary of the and other churches, convents, mosque rising in succession, exhibit a variety of view—the whole city lying so close view, that the eye of the beholder Zion, and mark all her bulwarks hence, though trodden down to the

Reft of her sons, of all her hope

"the widowed Daughter of Zion" sufficient grandeur to aid the imagination her as she once existed, "the perfect"—"the joy of the whole earth;" the centering within her walls, the illuminated: her house is indeed left Still as one gazes upon her, the

insensibly "rapt into future times," and, assured of the certainty of what shall be hereafter, by what has been, and what is, delights prospectively to view through the telescope of prophetic vision the period when the appointed years of her humiliation being fulfilled, Jerusalem shall shake her bands from off her neck, and arise from the dust in renovated splendour; when the banner of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah shall float above her walls, an ensign for the gathering of the dispersed of Israel from the four corners of the earth, and it shall be proclaimed unto Zion, Thy God reigneth:—violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders, but Judah shall dwell for ever, and Jerusalem from generation to generation. I will restore thy judges as at the first, and thy counsellors as at the beginning, and thou shalt be called the city of righteousness, the faithful city.

The view on this side is terminated by a rocky hill of greater elevation than the Mount of Olives. To the north and north-east are seen, over the tops of intervening hills, the mountains of Galilee, with glimpses of the plains of Esdraelon, and the course of the Jordan at their foot. To the south appear the varied forms of the mountains about Bethlehem, the hill-country of Judea; and eastward, beyond the wilderness, the plains of Jericho, the embouchure of the Jordan, and the upper extremity of the Dead

Sea, the noble outline of the mountains of Moab forming the background, among which must rise that "Pisgah top," whence the Jewish Lawgiver beheld the Promised Land which he was not allowed to enter; though *which* it is, is now unknown.

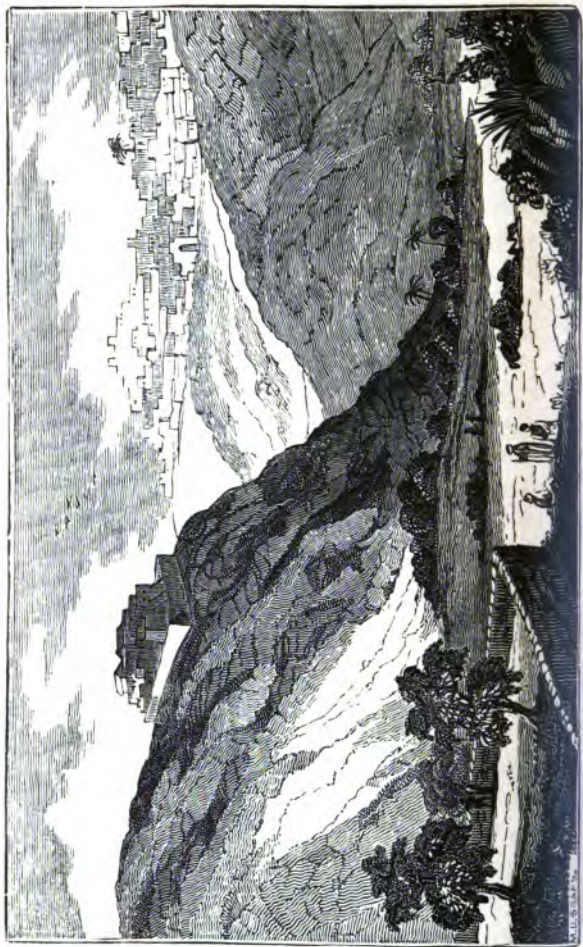
We lingered long, unwilling to depart, till summoned by our attendants to hurry homewards, lest we should be shut out, the gates being always closed at six o'clock. We arrived at the Gate of Damascus just in time to escape exclusion, and reached our lodgings more highly delighted with this day than with any we had yet passed in the Holy Land.

An excursion to Bethlehem was settled for the ensuing day; heavy rain prevented our starting before the afternoon. The distance is two hours from Jerusalem. About two-thirds of the way stands the Greek convent of St. Elias, which we visited, and were kindly received by the Superior, who immediately ordered refreshments to be brought for us, and showed us over his convent, which is surrounded by a high wall, containing neither window nor loophole of any kind, only a single entrance. He volunteered to accompany us: so we mounted him upon our Janissary's horse, whom we left here to await our return. This worthy son of Islam, though he had turned away with gestures of pious horror from the wine that was offered to him in our presence, contrived, during the interval of our

absence, to overcome his scruples, and lay in a very perceptible stock of the forbidden beverage.

Not far from this monastery, is the tomb of Rachel, a small Turkish building, such as is usually built over the tombs of their Santons. The country, which is a rocky plain to St. Elias, becomes more hilly after leaving it, with occasional enclosures for cultivation, and some wood, for the most part olive-trees; we saw several red-legged partridges. Before we reached Bethlehem, we encountered a Turk, who informed us that there had been an insurrection in the town that morning. The Mootsellim, or Governor of Jerusalem, had endeavoured to impose fresh taxes upon the inhabitants, who had risen in consequence, and driven out the Mohammedans, who were inferior in number. The Bethlehemites all profess Christianity, and are a bold and fierce race of men, of whom both Turks and Arabs stand in awe. In the present instance, the governor deemed it advisable to overlook the insult offered to his troops, and relinquish his demand.

Bethlehem is of no great extent, and is situated along the brow of a steep hill. At the further extremity, like a citadel, stands the Convent of St. Giovanni, defended by massive walls of immense thickness, which may bid defiance to any attack unassisted by artillery, and serve as a refuge for the inhabitants in times of threatened danger. Thither



we rode directly, and were admitted through a door strongly bound with iron, and so low as to oblige us to stoop considerably on entering, and too narrow to allow of more than one person passing at a time. This led immediately into the church erected by the Empress Helena upon the site of the temple of Adonis, built here by Adrian in his hate against the Christians. It is of considerable size, divided into aisles by forty-eight marble pillars of the Corinthian order, tolerably executed, two rows of twelve on each side, and further ornamented with rude mosaics of grim-looking saints. It has a bare and sombre appearance. From hence we descended, by a flight of narrow steps, into the Grotto of the Nativity, at the moment the monks were commencing vespers. The chanting was good; the lamps shed a pleasing and chastened light through the little subterranean chapel; and, it being no particular festival, the devotional feeling of the place was not destroyed by any of those prominently superstitious observances which had excited our disgust in the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre.

Upon entering the lowly scene of the Messiah's birth, I sank instinctively upon my knees, under a deep sense of my unworthiness, and of the infinite magnitude of that mercy which induced Him, who in the beginning was with God, and was God, to veil the glories of the Godhead in our miserable

nature, that he might live to teach, and die to save, so undeserving and insignificant a being as me. "Lord! what is man, that thou shouldest regard him?" What is he compared with Thee? Daily do we tread under foot thousands of living creatures of which we take no note: yet, in the scale of creation, there is a measure of comparison between us and them: but between the Almighty Creator of the universe, which was, and is, and is to come, and finite man, the distance is so incalculably vast, that in contemplating the nature of that great Being, the mind, lost in that never-ending expanse that continually opens before it, shrinks back upon itself with a trembling conscious sense of its own comparative nothingness. That such a Being should have condescended to visit a polluted world in human form, reconciling it unto himself by suffering the penalty of its guilt in his own person, is an event so vast, so wondrous, that, were it not for the overwhelming evidence mercifully afforded us, its very immensity might lead us to doubt its truth. But, supported, as it is, by proof that none but the wilfully blind can refuse, how full of hope, and consolation, and joy, is it to those, who, feeling sensibly the wants and imperfections, the sorrows and confinement, of this brief life, sigh after a renovated nature and a boundless sphere of existence! It is the life-boat to which the soul clings



Grotto of the Nativity.

in the wreck of humanity, which, ever buoyant, shall bear it triumphantly through the storms and waves of this troublous world, to that land which can alone satisfy the aspirations of a being made for immortality.

The Grotto is of small dimensions, and not very lofty; the roof supported by a single pillar. The altar, above which silver lamps are kept continually burning, is rich, and erected over the spot where the Holy Child was born, marked by a circle of agate and jasper, surrounded with a silver glory, with this inscription:—

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS
NATUS EST*.

At no great distance is another smaller star in the pavement, denoting the place over which the miraculous guide of the magi stood when they came to worship Him who was born King of the Jews. In a crypt on one side, into which there is a descent of one or two steps, is seen the manger, now entirely composed of white marble, but retaining its original form, upon which stand large silver candlesticks, with wax tapers constantly lighted. Immediately opposite is another altar, lighted up with lamps, like the former.

Buckingham treats the idea of the Grotto of the

* Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.

Nativity being really the scene of that event, as an absurdity, chiefly on account of its being underground; while Clarke, though generally so sceptical with regard to the identity of the Holy Places, says that the tradition respecting this cave seems so well authenticated, as hardly to admit of dispute. Whatever the truth may be, I do not think Buckingham's objection a valid one, as it is by no means uncommon in these countries to use similar *souterrains* as habitations both for man and beast; and that adherence to ancient customs, which has gained for them the appellation of the "never-changing East," of such eminent service in explaining metaphors and expressions in Holy Writ, which would otherwise be obscure or unintelligible, argues the probability of similar usage in our Saviour's time.

A narrow passage cut in the rock, leads from the chapel of the Nativity to two other similar grottoes, one on the right, denominated the Study of Saint Jerome, another and larger one on the left, containing his tomb, and that of the innocent victims of Herod's barbarous jealousy. Emerging from these caves, we entered a handsome chapel with a marble floor, having five small recesses on either side, which were ten stalls occupied by oxen at the time of our Saviour's birth. This chapel was full of Bethlehemite Christians, who all knelt down very devoutly when the host was raised, laying their turbans beside

them, and stretching out their arms in the form of a cross. This sea of bald heads and out-stretched arms had a most singular appearance.

When service was concluded, we went to pay our respects to the Superior of the convent, who received us in a small apartment opening upon a little garden, and treated us with coffee and Rosolio. This man informed us that he had been a colonel in the Spanish service during the Peninsular war, and had assumed the cowl in consequence of a vow he had then made. Certainly his tone and manner were more characteristic of the guerilla chief than of the holy self-denying monk. He talked of his campaigns as if he would still prefer the panoply of the soldier to the weeds of the friar. Though tolerably courteous to us, he displayed not a little arrogance and insolence towards the Greek Superior of the Convent of St. Elias, and M. Jabbaz, the Russian Chancellor, who was also of the Greek Church, coarsely upbraiding them with being heretics. All this was so little in unison with the feelings so lately excited by our visit to the Redeemer's birth-place, that we soon took our leave.

Numbers of the Bethlehemites thronged the apartment most unceremoniously, to look at the strange Inglesi; and one got hold of my snuff-box, which he passed round to his friends, and did not return till it was fairly emptied of its contents,

which they appeared to relish amazingly. They were all tall, wiry-limbed, well-made men, with high features, and eagle eyes. While we were mounting our horses at the gate, they surrounded us, offering for sale little crucifixes of mother-of-pearl, and rosaries made of fish-bone, the beads coloured red and green. Great quantities of these are manufactured by them for the pilgrims, who, after they have been duly consecrated and attested by the priests, carry them away as profitable articles of merchandise. Our Italian servant, whom we left at Jaffa, on account of ophthalmia, entreated us to purchase a large stock for him, upon which he said he should gain two or three hundred per cent. upon his return to Italy.

When we again reached St. Elias, we bade adieu to the Superior, declining his invitation to alight and partake of some further refreshment. We invariably found the Greek monks more obliging and friendly than the Franciscans, who, with far more pretence, are just as uninformed as the others, and, moreover, haughty, insolent, and overbearing in their demeanour.

Forth issued Mustapha the Janissary, in obedience to our summons, having acquired a tenfold fierceness from his devotions to the wine-cask, twisting his huge mustachios with such increased energy that I expected to see them come off in his hand. Leaping

on his steed, he set off at full gallop, calling to us to follow at speed, otherwise we should have no chance of arriving at Jerusalem before the closing of the gates. So away we went, over a most break-neck road, as fast as the horses could go,—a perilous exploit in broad daylight, but now doubly so, when the shades of night were fast closing around us. It became completely dark before we were half-way, and my horse, slipping upon a shelving rock, fell as if he had been shot: and, unable as I was to extricate my foot from the heavy Turkish stirrup in which it was wedged, a violent sprain of the ankle was the consequence,—a most unfortunate accident, which prevented me from seeing much that I should have desired. During the remainder of my limited stay in the Holy Land, I could only move about on crutches, and required to be lifted on and off my horse. This occasioned considerable delay, as I could not proceed faster than a foot's pace; so that, upon arriving at the Jaffa Gate, we found it closed.

After shouting, and firing a dozen rounds of our pistols, for three-quarters of an hour, a man at length put his head out of a window in the adjoining tower, and desired us to go round to the gate of Damascus. Here we were detained for a still longer space, and exhausted our lungs and ammunition before we could rouse the attention of the slumbering guards. At last they did condescend to notice us; but it was

by no means to let us in, only to tell us that the keys had been taken to the governor, and that no one could venture to disturb him ; whereupon Mus-tapha swore roundly in Turkish, Greek, Lingua Franca, and every language which could supply vent for his ire, at the prospect of spending the night, which was very cold, in the open air upon no softer couch than the bare rock.

After an interval, having been kept shivering in the night-breeze for what they considered a sufficient time to enhance the favour, one of them again came, and, demanding an exorbitant *bucksheesh* for his trouble, offered to go for the keys. Some further time was expended in driving a bargain, when it was agreed to take the sum we tendered. Presently the gate was opened just sufficient to admit of a hand being thrust out, wherein it was insisted that the covenanted *bucksheesh* should be deposited before admission was granted. Suspecting this might be a trick to get the money, and keep us out till they had extracted more, we refused ; upon which the gate was closed in our faces ; so we were compelled to trust to their honesty, which, however, did not deceive us, and right glad did we feel to find ourselves once more comfortably housed at San Costantino.

Next morning I was unable to put my foot to the ground ; but the idea of sitting still for the short time we had to spare was intolerable ; so, getting a

pair of crutches manufactured, (and most villanous specimens of oriental carpentry they were,) I hobbled forth to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, to which we obtained a private admission. The Turkish janitors locked us in, and left us for a couple of hours to look about us at our leisure, which it was impossible to do on public days on account of the crowd. Our Franciscan friend, the Neapolitan, accompanied us as Cicerone.

The first object of our inspection was the Holy Sepulchre itself, which is a small oblong quadrilateral building of white marble, crowned with a tiny cupola, standing upon pillars, and divided into three compartments. The entrance is a pointed doorway, supported by slender spiral columns on each side, to which there is an ascent of two or three broad low steps. Above it are two or three daubs, intended to represent our Saviour's Resurrection. The first compartment is an antechamber, of a size to contain six or eight persons. Here the worshippers put their shoes from off their feet, ere they enter upon the holy ground within, where, occupying half of the second compartment of the building, is the "place where the Lord lay." The third compartment is a small chapel appropriated to the Copts, which is entered from behind, and has no internal communication with the others.

What is shown as the Holy Sepulchre is a tomb

raised about two feet from the ground, and covered with a single slab of white marble, now broken into two parts, which, as our guide informed us, was purposely done, to prevent the Turks laying sacrilegious hands upon it, and carrying it off, as they had designed, to the Mosque of Omar. Suspended over it, and constantly burning, are a number of handsome lamps of massive silver, the gifts of monarchs and mighty men of the earth. The cell which contains it is not large enough to admit of more than four people entering at once.

We look with interest upon the scenes of human victories, yet what do they tell but a saddening tale of rancorous hate and evil passions let loose to deluge a fair world with blood!—of man rushing to slay his fellow-man, and calling it glory! The very tiger might teach him a lesson of brotherly kindness, for he preys not on his kind. But here, upon this narrow field, a far different and far more glorious victory was achieved over him, who, in the fields of human strife, whichever side may be crowned with success, is always the greatest conqueror—even over Death himself! Here was his power broken, and the cloud that rendered mortality terrible was dispersed by Him who brought life and immortality to light.

We ascended once more to the scene of the Crucifixion by a flight of eighteen very steep steps.

The floor of this chapel is handsomely paved with various coloured marbles; the roof is supported by four white marble pillars, dividing it into two portions, respectively belonging to the Greeks and Latins. The hole in which the cross is said to have been fixed, is set round with silver, to which the pilgrims pay devout adoration, imprinting kisses upon it, and prostrating themselves before it. Behind, at no great distance, is shown the rock that was rent when our Saviour gave up the ghost, which is certainly a singular fissure, the genuine work of Nature, and not made by the hand of man. Our Franciscan guide told us a story of the instantaneous conversion of an infidel, upon whom all the arguments of the holy fathers, and the sanctity of the other sacred spots, made no impression, till he beheld this cleft, when, seeing that the fissure ran across the strata of the rock, and not with them, he confessed his errors upon the spot, and became a true believer. Here, also, tradition asserts that Adam's skull was discovered, whence the place derived its name *Golgotha*,—Place of a Skull.

That very agreeable writer, Clarke, has most vehemently disputed the identity of the "holy places," merely because he finds the reputed Sepulchre above ground, instead of being an excavated chamber, as appears from his own words. "Con-

cerning the identity," he says, "of this most memorable relic, there is every evidence, but that which should result from a view of the Sepulchre itself," mentioning Eusebius, Lactantius, Sozomen, Jerome, Severus, Nicephorus, Cyril, Theodoret, and the Itinerary from Bourdeaux to Jerusalem, as giving their evidence in favour of the present locality,—a sufficient cloud of witnesses, one would think, to substantiate its truth; and, unless far more convincing reasoning in disproof than Clarke's be adduced, I must still entertain the opinion, that the Church covers the actual site of the crucifixion and burial-place of our Lord.

The tradition of the scene of so remarkable an event could scarcely have been lost. The heathen temple, built by Hadrian, to desecrate the spot in the eyes of Christians, existed to mark it till the time of Constantine. For a period of one hundred and eighty years, from the reign of the former to that of the latter emperor, an image of Jupiter was erected in the place of the Resurrection, and a marble statue of Venus upon the rock of the Cross, to be worshipped by the Gentiles,—the authors of the Christian persecution supposing that, in polluting the sanctity of these places by idols, they should destroy the faith of the Resurrection and the Cross. Such is the testimony of Hieronymus in his epistle

to Paulinus, which is further supported by that of Sozomen, and of Dio Cassius in his *Life of Hadrian*.

Have we not here an unbroken chain of evidence? Two statues erected at a period when our Saviour's death was almost within the memory of man, for the special purpose of desecration, recording not only the general site, but the actual spots where the events occurred, during an age of paganism and persecution when the tradition might otherwise have been lost, and continuing to exist till they were removed by the Empress Helena, to build a fane for Christian worship in their room, which fane remains to this day.

In the teeth of such evidence, Clarke's objection that the Sepulchre is now "a dusty fabric, standing, like a huge pepper-box, in the midst of the principal aisle,—a grotto above ground," instead of beneath, loses its weight. The same motive of hostility to Christianity, which led Hadrian to set up the idols, would also lead him to level the tomb that hallowed the place in Christian eyes,—a process which might have been further required in order to lay the foundations of his heathen temple. It by no means follows, as he asserts, that, because some of the Jewish tombs are of such a nature and construction, as almost to defy a convulsion of nature to alter them, the new tomb made by Joseph of Arimathea

for himself must, necessarily, have been so. To the north of the city may be seen several very handsome sepulchres, hewn out of the rock, but so near the surface that one would not hesitate to leap down from the top to the level of their entrance, to obliterate all traces of which would require but small labour*.

Could any man, by casting doubts upon the iden-

* Since the first edition was published, I have discovered that the erasure of the original sepulchre is not left to mere conjecture and probability; it was actually done by Hakem, the third of the Fatimite caliphs, whose insane vanity, flattered by the hope of introducing a new religion, led him to aspire above the fame of a prophet. He styled himself the visible image of the Most High, who, after nine apparitions on earth, was at length made manifest in his person. At the name of Hakem, the Lord of the living and the dead, every knee bent in religious adoration: his mysteries were performed on a mountain near Cairo; sixteen thousand converts had signed his profession of faith, and, at the present hour, the Druses of Mount Lebanon are persuaded of the life and divinity of a madman and a tyrant. In his divine character, Hakem hated the Christians as servants of Him whom he considered his rival, and cruelly persecuted them. The Temple of the Christian world, the Church of the Resurrection, was, by his command, demolished to its foundation, and much profane labour was exhausted to destroy the cave in the rock, which properly constituted the Holy Sepulchre. Yet the calamities of Jerusalem, were, in some measure, alleviated by the inconstancy or repentance of Hakem himself, and the royal mandate was sealed for the restitution of the Church, when the tyrant was assassinated by the emissaries of his sister. A free toleration was again granted by the succeeding caliphs, and with the pious aid of the emperor of Constantinople, the Holy Sepulchre arose from its ruins. (Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. lvii.) Thus is the present appearance of the Holy Sepulchre satisfactorily accounted for, without the loss of a single link in the chain of evidence as to identity of situation.

tity of the Holy Places, put an end to the superstitious vanities to which they have given rise, one would gladly see such doubts confirmed; but if they be only started to support a fanciful, and, I think, untenable theory, I must still cling to the tradition, unwilling to lose the charm of their association with the most amazing and deeply-interesting events in the history of man.

The same author, in his "attempt to reconcile historical documents with existing phenomena," has completely set at nought the received topography of Jerusalem. The deep and precipitous Valley of Hinnom is converted into the Tyropæon, although Josephus expressly states, that the Tyropæon (the ravine that separated the upper from the lower town) was filled up by the Asmonæans, cutting off the top of the Hill Acra for the purpose, and thus joining the town to the Temple. Mount Moriah is made by him to occupy the space of the whole modern city; while the site of Mount Zion is removed to the south of the Valley of Hinnom, the Tyropæon of Clarke, a supposition which I should infer to be also contradicted by Josephus, who says, in his description of the ancient city,—“There are likewise, outside the town, two other mountains, nearly inaccessible on account of the crags and precipices which everywhere surround them.” Excepting to the south and south-west of Hinnom, no hills

answering this description can be found. But, independently of this, I am astonished that any one who has beheld this profound valley with his own eyes, could, for a single moment, suppose it to have been any other than that of Hinnom, which has ever defended Zion on the south and west. It presents features too strongly marked, in my mind, to admit of a doubt.

The small dimensions of the modern town, which would again be considerably diminished by the exclusion of Calvary from its area, has been the occasion of much perplexity, and undoubtedly affords room for debate. Many spots, denominated hills (*ōpos*) by Josephus, and mentioned by him as standing within the town, are not now discoverable, which must have been, I should presume, mere rising ground, of no great elevation, and now made level by the accumulation of *debris* around.

To accommodate existing phenomena with historical relations is, assuredly, very puzzling; but the difficulty is not confined to Jerusalem—it is the same with regard to ancient Rome, though existing many centuries after Jerusalem was destroyed, undergoing a more gradual decay, and still retaining so many of its ancient edifices; yet, from the accumulation of rubbish, (the old pavement being frequently found twenty and thirty feet below the level of the present surface,) and the filling up of

hollows, the form of the ground is so altered as to render it impossible to trace it accurately from former description. When, therefore, it is considered that Jerusalem that now is, stands not only upon the ruins of the ancient Jewish city, but also upon those of Hadrian's city, *Ælia*, the difficulties attending it are not surprising. At first sight I was inclined to doubt the received topography, but upon further consideration, have been led to alter my opinion.

The Jewish historian gives the whole circumference of the Holy City at thirty-three stadia, in his day, which makes it but a small metropolis at the best, and relates that the third wall commenced at the Tower of Hippicus, whence it extended northward to that of Psephinus; then stretching onwards, over against the monument of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, and being lengthened out by the Royal Caves, is bent at a corner tower nigh to the monument which is called the Fuller's, whence it advanced to the old wall in the Vale of Cedron. The sepulchral chambers, now called the Tombs of the Kings, which must be the Royal Caves of Josephus, are nearly a mile from the present walls: if, therefore, a wall were carried round the whole of Mount Zion, and, omitting Calvary, extended to the north as far as the Tombs of the Kings, and continued along the Valleys of Cedron and Jehoshaphat, I think it would:

give a circumference fully equal to thirty-three stadia.

Mount Zion was the citadel, and probably chosen by David, more on account of its overlooking the town he had recently conquered, than for its extent. To the north the ground is more level and adapted for buildings; and on that side, we are informed, the city spread. According to Josephus, the third wall, built by Agrippa, was raised to protect the houses on the north side, which were naked and defenceless; as the city, becoming too populous and too narrow for its inhabitants, had gradually crept out into suburbs in that quarter, where there is a space for a yet larger city than was the ancient Jerusalem, from the account of her own historian. The present walls encircle about one-third of Mount Zion, (the rest being ploughed as a field,) Calvary, Moriah, Bezetha, and a small portion of Acra.

But to return from this long digression: when we had sufficiently viewed and reviewed, mused, and debated upon the sacred spots, the Neapolitan friar invited us to a place of refreshment, kept by the monks within the church, and treated us to coffee and sweetmeats. The Turkish guardians came soon after to liberate us, behaving with remarkable civility—one particularly, who appeared to be chief janitor.

We went from thence to stroll without the town. Descending into the Valley of Hinnom, we crossed

to Aceldama, to visit the Field of Blood, which is a narrow slip, situated upon the acclivity of the hill. There stood a roofless, dilapidated building, the foundations of which were deeply sunk into the rock, and which was half filled with loose stones. It is mentioned by Maundrell as being used by the Armenians in his time for a charnel-house. Upon looking into it, he saw several bodies in various stages of decomposition. We witnessed nothing of the kind; it had the appearance of being entirely deserted. Below and around it, are numerous caves, in the midst of olive-trees: one is shown as the refuge of the Apostles, when they fled at the arrest of our Saviour. Further on, upon the same hill, is the Fountain of the Blessed Virgin,—a deep well, into which an Arab lowered a leathern bucket to draw water for our refreshment and grinned most thankfully at the few paras that rewarded his civility.

Recrossing the valley of Hinnom, we proceeded to

— Siloa's brook, that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God,

situated on the north side of Hinnom, near its juncture with the Valley of Jehoshaphat, up a recess which I should conjecture to have formerly been the lower extremity of the Tyropæon. The descent to this fountain is by fifteen or sixteen steps. The water gushes from the rock into a small basin of no

great depth, and, being shielded from the sun, is deliciously cool, and clear as crystal. Distant from it about a hundred yards stands a mulberry-tree, marking where the evangelical Prophet was sawn asunder. But it were as endless as unprofitable to enumerate all these places.

Returning to the town, we entered by the Sion Gate, which leads to the Armenian Convent, the wealthiest body of Christians at Jerusalem, whom, I regret to say, our limited stay prevented us from visiting. The patriarch of Jerusalem resides there in princely state, ranking only second to the metropolitan of Persia; and the fathers belonging to it live in much greater comfort and luxury than those of the other monasteries. The gardens attached to it are remarkably pretty, and neatly kept. There are two churches belonging to them,—one dedicated to St. James, the brother of John, and the other built upon the site of the house of Annas, the high priest, the father-in-law of Caiaphas.

Lower down is the Jewish quarter, presenting nothing but filth and wretchedness. Wanting to purchase some wine, we heard that we might get it there; so we went in search, making it an excuse for prying into the Israelitish dwellings. They seemed evidently afraid of letting us know that they had any in their possession: at length, after several denials, we entered a miserable house, in

which were two or three dirty unveiled women, and one old blear-eyed man, who, after talking among themselves, apparently about us, whether we might be trusted, brought out a small quantity with great caution. Poor wretches!—everything about them exhibited signs of depression and misery; outcasts from the common rights and sympathies of men,—oppressed and despised alike by Mohammedans and Christians,—living as aliens in the inheritance of their fathers,—what an awful lesson of unbelief do they hold out! It was, I think, the Prince of Condé who said that while a Jew existed, he was a sufficient refutation of all the arguments of infidelity; and most truly did he speak. I never behold a Jew, carrying with him as he does the evidence of eighteen centuries to the truth of Christianity, without a feeling of gratitude towards him, and a forcible impression of St. Paul's exclamation,—“Behold, therefore, the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but towards thee, goodness, if thou continue in his goodness, otherwise, thou also shalt be cut off.” They form a proof, the rejection of which by any candid mind I cannot comprehend: here it came with tenfold force.

Leaving them, we sauntered into the Mohammedan quarter, where are the bazaars, in which there seemed but little doing. The melancholy, apathetic appearance of all that one meets, whether Jew or

Gentile, is remarkable ; they move about the miserable streets like spectres, apparently without any occupation. In wandering about, we trespassed too closely upon the sacred precincts of the Mosque of Omar, when a Turk rushed towards us, warning us off with most violent and menacing gestures. His signs being very intelligible, we beat a retreat, which two young Moslems endeavoured to hasten by a discharge of stones, which we were about to return, when they were chidden by the man who had motioned us away ; which proved that, though his action was threatening, his intention was kind, to keep us out of danger.

The nearest point of approach to this mosque allowed to a Christian, is the dwelling of the governor, said to have once owned Pontius Pilate as its master. It is built against the northern wall of the enclosure, and commands a full view of the holy edifice. Thither accordingly we bent our steps, to see as much as possible of what is esteemed to be the finest specimen of Oriental architecture in the Turkish dominions. When we entered the court of the government-house, which is by no means magnificent, it was filled with a set of ragamuffin soldiery, discharging their fire-arms in honour of the submission of Nablous, lately in rebellion against the pasha, the news of which had just arrived. The governor himself did not appear ; but we were

ushered into an upper chamber overhanging the wall. The side towards the mosque, being quite open, afforded us a clear prospect.

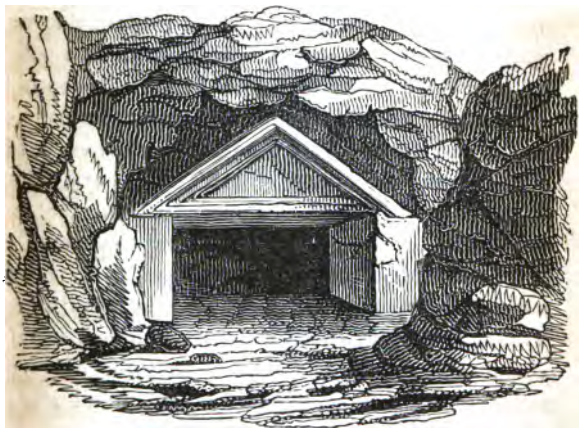
The area, nearly even with the top of the external wall, so that a man can look over, is, (according to Maundrell, who measured it on the outside,) five hundred and seventy paces in length, by three hundred and seventy in breadth, and the surface is quite level. Great labour must have been required to smooth the natural inequalities of the ground. It is planted with cypress and other shrubs, and beautifully kept, affording a delightful promenade to the followers of the Prophet, many of whom were seen walking up and down, apparently in meditation deep; though it may be doubted whether a Turk is really given to profound thinking. The enclosure contains two mosques—one at the southern extremity, not at all worthy of remark; the other the far-famed Mosque of Omar, occupying the centre. Its character is lightness and elegance, rather than grandeur, resembling more a splendid ornamental building in some royal pleasure-grounds, than a place of worship, according to European ideas. It stands upon a platform of stone, ascended by half a dozen broad shallow steps: its form is an octagon, surmounted by the lofty bulbous-shaped dome of the East, crowned by a glittering crescent. Running round the frieze, carved in relief, are Turkish

characters, texts from the Koran: at the four cardinal points are doorways with pointed arches, supported by light twisted pillars: and corresponding with the doors, at some yards' distance, are plain arcades. The whole building is of a light-blue colour.

When Omar entered Jerusalem as a conqueror, he demanded as a boon from the Christian inhabitants, to have some place assigned to him to raise a temple for Mohammedan worship. They insultingly pointed to the site of Solomon's Temple, which had been defiled with the offal and filth of the city from hatred and contempt of the Jews, telling him he might take that if he pleased. He accepted it without manifesting any resentment, and set diligently to work to clear it, and raise the edifice which has so long domineered over Palestine. It is second in sanctity only to the Temple of Mecca, and not even the firmaun of the Sultan can open its gates to any but a professor of the faith of the Koran.

While we were gazing upon it, the melodious cry of the muezzin was heard from the minarets, summoning the faithful to their evening devotions. There is certainly something very imposing in the sight of Mohammedan prayer. When the cry is heard, wherever the Moslem may chance to be, at home or abroad, on foot or on horseback, or in whatever business he may be engaged, he is instantly upon his knees, apparently in total abstraction from

the world around him. It is indeed the form of godliness, but how little of the power! A certain form of words muttered over,—a certain number of bowings, prostrations, and strikings of the forehead upon the ground,—and all is over. In one thing we might take a lesson from them, the constancy of their devotion, the allowing nothing to prevent their tribute of praise and prayer being offered up to the God of Heaven.



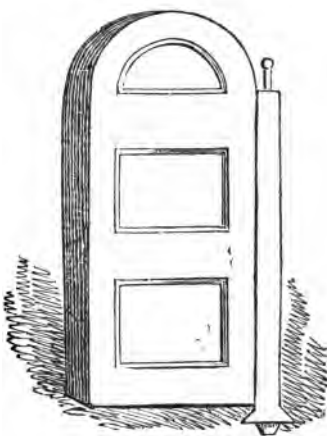
The next remarkable place we visited was the sepulchre usually known as the Tombs of the Kings, a most highly interesting relic of the olden time. Sallying forth at the Damascus Gate, we rode through

olive-trees and cultivated enclosures, which are more frequent on this side of the town than any other, for about three-quarters of a mile, when we reached a number of sepulchres hewn in the rocks around, containing one, two, or three, chambers. The entrances, almost universally, were of a square or oblong form, with a heavy architrave above.

About a quarter of a mile further on are the Tombs of the Kings. We descended through a passage cut in the rock into an open square having the appearance of a quarry, whose western side was quite smooth and perpendicular, in which a porch of about ten yards in length by four in depth is excavated. Over this porch are carved festoons of fruits and flowers, very beautifully executed, exhibiting an advanced stage of art. They have unfortunately been a good deal defaced. On the left hand is the entrance to the sepulchral chambers, so filled with rubbish, that one is obliged to lie down, and creep in like a lizard, to gain admittance. Through this we were conducted into a square chamber having three doorways on three different sides, leading to other chambers, being in all six or seven in number, cut with mathematical exactness, and the walls perfectly smooth. In these were hewn recesses of different shapes for the reception of bodies, some being oblong, and others the segment of a circle. In one of these apartments was also a

row of smaller niches, resembling in size and form the columbaria of the Romans; and in the floor were sunk quadrangular receptacles of the size of a coffin. Strewed about were fragments of sarcophagi, covered with carvings of fruit, flowers, and foliage, similar to that which ornamented the frieze of the portico.

Maundrell mentions having found one of the doors still upon its hinges: such is not now the case. We, however, saw one door still perfect, and very singular and beautiful it was, hewn out of the same compact limestone that forms the rock, half a foot in thickness: the panels were as nicely cut as in the finest mahogany doors in this country, and the whole highly polished. It had originally turned upon tenons of one piece with itself, resting on sockets in the solid rock, so that no extraneous matter was used for hinges, fitting most exactly in the door-frame, shutting apparently with its own weight,



and requiring pressure to push it open. There was no kind of bolt or fastening of any kind about it. In several of these crypts were fragments of similar doors. Pausanias relates that the marble doors of the Empress Helena's Sepulchre, at Jerusalem, were so contrived as to open, by means of machinery, once a year, at a stated day and hour, and, after a short interval, to close again, and that all attempts to effect an entrance at any other time would have been vain, unless the doors were broken. If these were the doors mentioned by Pausanias, neither they nor their frames show any marks at present of having had such machinery affixed to them.

When there, having no books of reference, I concluded that these sepulchres were the burial-place of the Herods, from their appellation, Tombs of the Kings, as the royal line of Judah were interred "in the City of David their father;" but it appears from Josephus, that Herod the Great was buried at Herodion, the town he had built near Jericho. They might have been constructed by Agrippa, who extended and beautified that quarter of the city, and built the wall; but the most current opinion is, that they were the work of Helena, queen of Adiabene, and her son Izatus, though there is some difficulty in reconciling it with the account of the Jewish historian, who tells us that "Monobazus, the son of Helena, sent the bones of his brother and mother



Tombs of the Kings of Judah.

to be deposited in the PYRAMIDS that she had built, being three in number." There exists not a vestige of anything of the kind near these crypts. Whether, in his description of the course of the third wall, the *μνημεια της Ελενης*—Tombs of Helena, and the *σπηλαια βασιλικά*—Royal Caves, refer to the same object, or two different ones, is the question. I think the passage is capable of being interpreted either way. On the whole, the probabilities are in favour of their being the sepulchre of Helena and her family.

Out in this direction is the cave in which Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations: it is held in high veneration by the Turks; and by it there is a college of dervishes.

Having visited nearly all the remarkable localities in Jerusalem and its environs, we resolved to conclude our pilgrimage by an excursion to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The governor of Jerusalem is bound once a year, to convoy all the pilgrims who may desire to visit these places with a guard sufficient to preserve them from the attacks of the Arabs; but as this would not occur till a fortnight later, and our time would not allow us to wait, we applied for permission and an escort for ourselves, which were readily granted. A detachment of four soldiers was appointed to conduct us to Rihhah, pronounced Yarikah, i. e. Jericho, with an order upon the

garrison of the fort there to join us in our advance to the Jordan, which is the place considered most liable to Arab attack.

Our intentions were speedily noised abroad, and, in consequence, we had numerous applications from pilgrims to be allowed to accompany us. Among the applicants were several of the fair sex; but as the Turks, to enhance their services and increase the *bucksheesh*, magnified the danger, fearful that they might prove an impediment to our movement, we were compelled to silence our gallantry, and refuse their request. One buxom Grecian dame was most pertinacious in her entreaties, returning four times to the charge, and at last fairly seating herself in our apartment, as if determined to take no denial; so we had no resource but to evacuate the place, and leave her in full possession, when, I presume, she gave the affair up, as we heard no more of her. There came also a mad Russian priest, raving and ranting in so extraordinary a manner, that forcible ejectment was found necessary. Two Muscovite grenadiers were next ushered in, craving permission—tall, stout fellows, decorated with several crosses and medals, who had belonged to the army of occupation at Paris. Thinking that such old campaigners would be no bad allies in case of a brush with the Arabs, we gave our assent, upon condition that they should bring us a certificate from

the Russian chancellor of having procured horses, that they might be no hindrance to us. One immediately expressed his acquiescence: the other, with a doleful countenance, produced an empty purse as evidence of his inability to hire an animal. This excited our compassion, and we gave him wherewith to furnish a conveyance. His gratitude was unbounded; before we could hinder him, he, greatly to our annoyance, prostrated himself upon the ground before us, and commenced kissing our shoes.

The rendezvous was appointed next morning, half an hour before sunrise, at the convent-gate, at which time about a dozen of them appeared well mounted, and I was carried down and set upon my horse, in very poor condition either for fighting or flying, had need required. As soon as we were joined by our escort, we issued forth through St. Stephen's Gate, our Turkish warriors (two of whom were armed with long guns, and two with spears, all having sabres and pistols,) careering before us to exhibit their horsemanship: and most beautiful it was.

As an instance, one of them galloped his horse down a very steep pitch to a level spot which appeared scarcely large enough to receive him, and, planting his spear in the centre, like the leg of a compass, he made him describe a circle three or four times at speed, and then pulled him up short

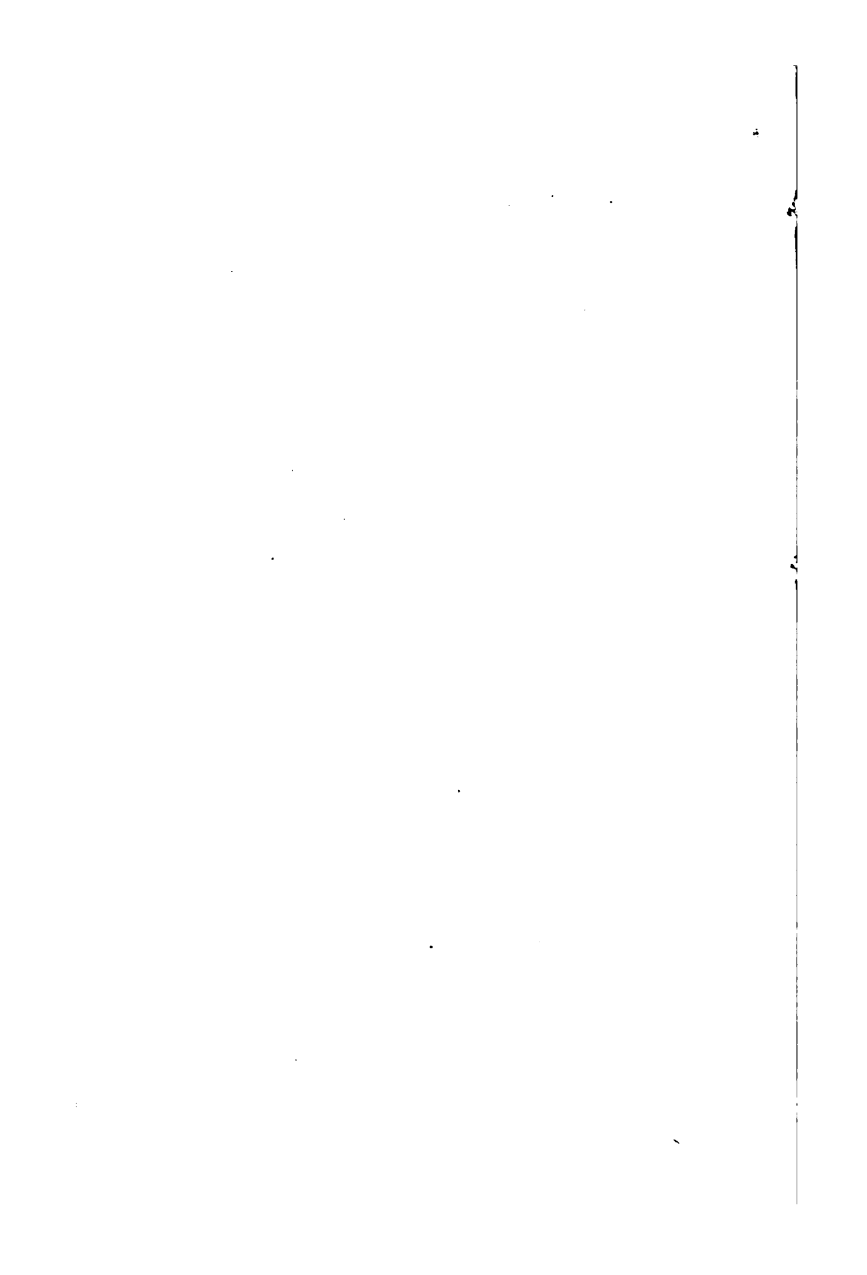
upon his haunches in a moment. The Mameluke bits are of tremendous power, having very long checks, and a strong iron ring passing through the bit and under the horse's chin, affording a lever which no animal could resist. The mouths of the Turkish steeds are very fine; the slightest motion of the finger will turn them.

Crossing the Cedron, we skirted the Mount of Olives above Absalom's pillar, proceeding round it to Bethany, near which, concealed behind a rock, we found a number of pilgrims waiting our approach, who, having heard our determination to admit none but equestrians into our party, had preceded us to this spot, where we had no means of preventing them from following us. They were mostly Greeks. With this addition, and the Arabs who accompanied us to look after the horses, our numbers exceeded sixty, being generally stout, able-bodied young men; so we made a formidable show of both cavalry and infantry, and stood in no fear of the enemy.

In two miles we reached Bethany, a miserable village, where are shown the mansion and tomb of Lazarus, and Mary Magdalen's house. Descending from hence by a steep rocky path, we reached the Fountain of the Apostles, so called from having been their resting-place in their journeys between Jerusalem and Jericho. It is situated in the gorge of a long narrow valley, which exhibited the last



Valley on the Road to the Dead Sea.



signs of vegetation in a few stripes of corn : beyond it not a blade of grass is to be seen. The well is walled round, and covered with a roof: we halted a few minutes to refresh our horses and taste of the holy element.

After leaving this valley, we wound our way among parched and barren hills of one uniform whitish-brown colour, bearing not the semblance of any green thing to relieve the eye. Never before had I formed an idea of what barrenness really was. We at last reached, on the top of a hill, an enclosure of loose stones, and some ruins, which our guards rode forward to reconnoitre, as they said it was a favourite lurking-place of the Arabs ; but no one was found. We had seen only two human beings upon the road, armed Arabs perched upon a rock above us, in the valley of the Apostles' Fountain: these our guides pretended to think were scouts on the look-out ; so, presenting their guns, they ordered them immediately to descend, which they did forthwith, saying they were shepherds watching their flock. This might have been the case, as a few sheep were visible ; and, in this country, where every man's hand is against his fellow, the peaceful crook of the shepherd must necessarily be exchanged for a more warlike weapon.

At the ruins we concentrated our forces, and waited for stragglers ; then, with the guards in

front, we began our advance, through a very narrow defile, with high precipitous sides. It was here that Sir Frederick Henniker was attacked and wounded; and a better place for an attack could not be found; half a dozen rifles would have sufficed to discomfit a host: however, nothing interrupted our passage. Emerging from this gorge, we beheld the plains of Jericho at our feet, to which we descended by a steep, rugged, and perilous path. Most of the company dismounted and led their horses down. Being unable to walk, I was obliged to trust my safety to the surefootedness of my nag; and, being equally powerless on horseback, I gave him his head, and clung to the saddle with my hands. I was not a little relieved when this nervous descent was achieved, and I found myself once more upon level ground. About half a mile from the foot of the hills we passed some large masses of reticulated Roman brick-work. Another hour's riding brought us to Rihhah.

The plain was nearly as devoid of verdure as the hills we had left, except in the beds of some torrents that we crossed, in which were growing oleanders, tamarisks, and other shrubs, particularly the *Spina Christi*, supposed, and not without reason, to be the plant of whose branches the crown of thorns was plaited, with which mockery decked our Saviour's brow. It resembles a young willow in growth and

flexibility, the leaves being much of the same form, but somewhat longer, and the thorns an inch in length, and very strong and sharp. Water was conducted in channels, from (I believe) the healing spring of Elisha, to supply the wants of the very scanty cultivation that was partially sprinkled over this portion of the plains. These tiny rills, edged on each side with about a foot's breadth of the most vivid green vegetation, formed a delicious contrast with the brown and arid desert around,—a feast for the weary eye. The sun was overcomingly powerful, and the wind high, raising clouds of dust, which made the latter part of our ride very distressing.

Oh, City of Palms! how are the mighty fallen! Jericho is now nothing more than an assemblage of the most miserable huts, compared with which the worst Irish cabin is a palace; so low, that at night, one might almost ride over them without being aware of the fact. In most of these, of the dimensions of a pigsty, in the midst of filth at which an English porker would disdainfully turn up his nose, an Arab, his wife, and several children, are huddled together,—naked, squalid, wretched-looking creatures, of a very dingy complexion; some, indeed, were nearly black. They crowded about us to indulge their curiosity.

The citadel attached to this city of human sties is quite in character, consisting of a small ruinous

square tower, with a court surrounded by a wall, having a tank of chocolate-coloured water, at one corner, to which rushed man and beast as soon as they were admitted, to quaff the brown element. Necessity would not allow of our being very nice; and, parched with sun and dust as we were, we found it grateful: it was thatched over with boughs to keep it cool. We found here another party, consisting of two Frenchmen and their attendants. Not a palm was to be seen; but there were two very fine fig-trees just outside this tower of strength, whose young green foliage afforded a delightful shelter.

From off the drooping head to fend the ray
That downward pour'd intolerable day.

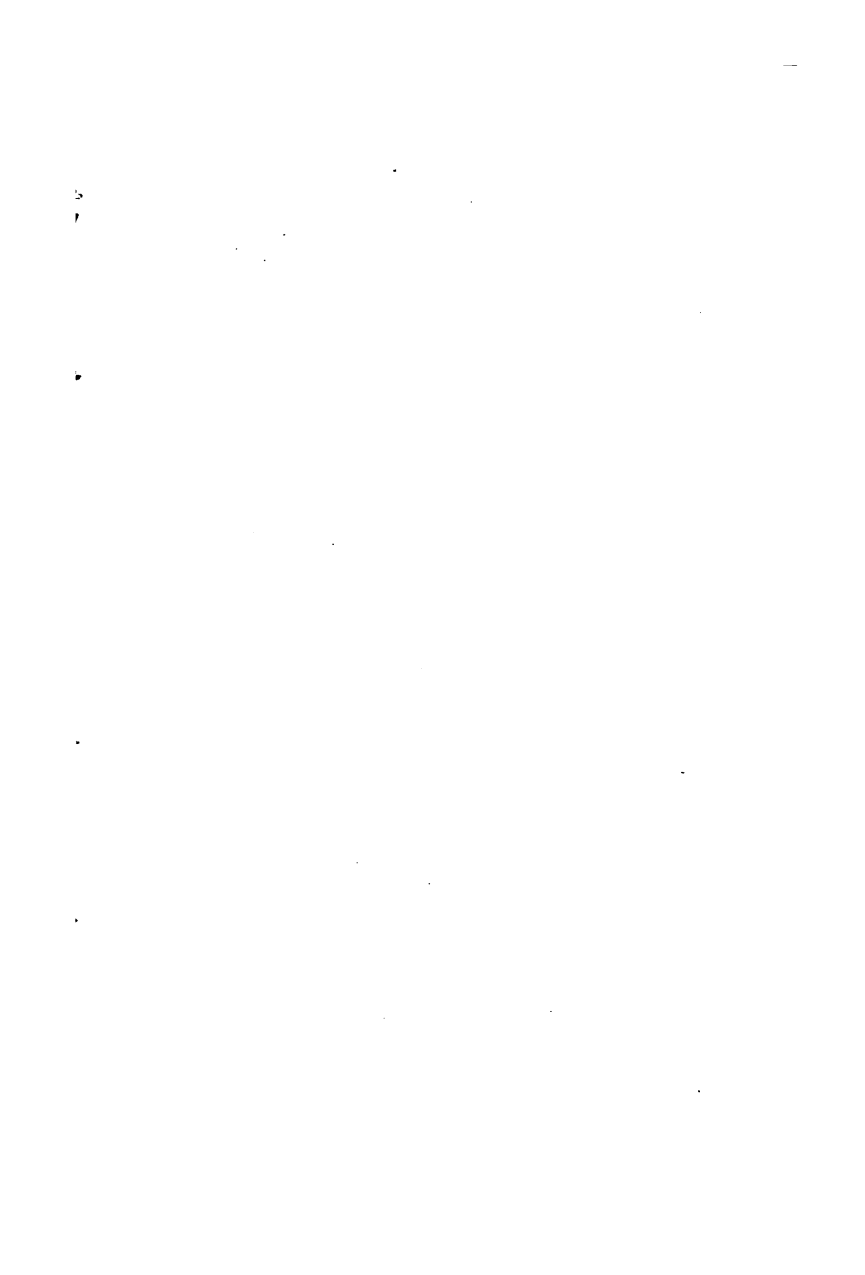
Thither we retired from the crowd, to rest our weary limbs after the fatigues of the ride, and refresh ourselves with whatever provisions our Greek hosts at Jerusalem had supplied our basket with. We found nothing but four pigeons and a small quantity of bread; upon which there arose a debate whether we should finish the whole at once, as appetite impelled, and trust to chance for a fresh supply, or reserve a couple of birds for the morrow, as prudence dictated. Prudence at last carried the day; so we divided our scanty fare. But virtue was not rewarded; for, during the night, some of our worthy companions contrived to purloin the

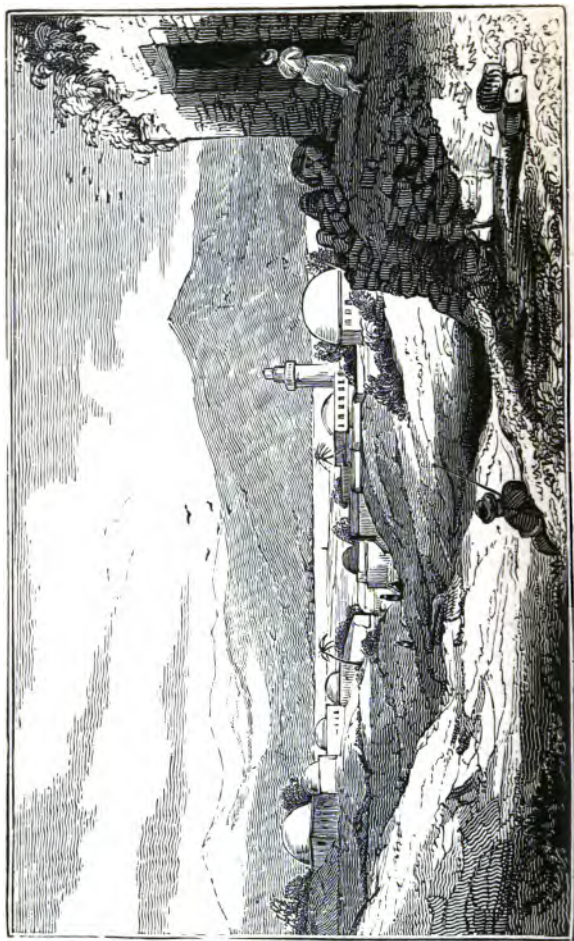
contents of the basket. Nothing was to be obtained in these inhospitable regions; consequently we were compelled to fast till our return to Jerusalem.

At sunset, the gates of the enclosure were shut, and we were desired to take our repose in the court, amidst Arabs, Russians, Greeks, horses, and donkeys, upon the bare ground. To the ground, as a couch, we had no particular objection, seeing no better bed was to be had; but too great propinquity to the human portion of this motley assembly, might have entailed consequences which it would have been difficult quickly to get rid of: we therefore applied to the sheikh for admittance into his turret. At this he demurred, alleging, in excuse, that he had no order from the governor, and that it was against discipline to allow strangers to inspect the fortification! This was rightly interpreted into a hint for *bucksheesh*. We offered a dollar, which, after the usual delay and demand for more, being at length accepted, we were ushered into the interior of this superb fortification, which consisted of an upper and lower apartment. The lower room had no window, nor any aperture whatever to admit light or air save the door, and was filled with all imaginable nastiness. Of course we declined having any thing to say to that. Climbing up a steep and narrow flight of broken stone stairs, we reached the upper chamber, the roof of which had fallen in. In one corner,

beneath a bower of branches, plastered with mud, reposed the commander-in-chief and his garrison of six or seven men, and we were politely desired to select any of the other three corners that might hit our fancy. In spite of the hardness of our stone bed, we might have slept had it only been exempt from the annoyance of vermin; but even that couch was alive with fleas, which danced about us with untiring energies. A lamb, too, the livestock of the garrison, resented our intrusion, practising fencing upon our persons, and bleating incessantly during the whole night. Had it not been for these discomforts, sleeping beneath the canopy of heaven would have been agreeable, as the night was warm and pleasant.

An hour before daybreak, we were summoned to prepare for marching. Our pigeons having flown away, and carried our bread along with them, we were compelled to defer breakfast till some future opportunity. Marshalling our forces in front of the fort, now increased by the addition of the sheikh and his garrison, with the exception of one man left behind as a guard, we set out for the Dead Sea, distant about three hours, crossing the most dreary, parched, and desert plain imaginable, having the appearance of land left bare by the receding waters of the lake, which seems to have shrunk considerably.





Bethany and the Dead Sea.

At the first dawning, the tints of the rising sun, purple and gold, with the deep shadows concealing the nakedness of the land, gave beauty to the landscape. The mountains encircling the lake, which lay sleeping and motionless beneath them, reflecting their images, supplied a noble outline which fancy might fill up at its pleasure with a thousand Edens; but as the sun ascended, the illusion was quickly dissipated: the full glare of day displayed the wilderness in its true colouring of awful desolation—a desolation that was felt, and which depressed the spirits. The mountains assumed one uniform dusty brown livery, unrelieved by even a passing shadow, for not a cloud was visible in the blazing heavens: the sea was of a dull, heavy, leaden hue, unlike the fresh, transparent purple which the living waters of a mountain lake usually display. One could easily imagine them the Waters of Oblivion, in search of which Zadoc, in the Persian tale, was despatched by the tyrant Amurath. The ground over which we rode, riven into chasms and ravines, showed not a blade of verdure: the few stunted shrubs that had struggled into life were masses of thorns with scarcely a leaf upon them, and wore the brown garb of the desert. The whole scene was a fearful exhibition of the blasting of the breath of the Almighty's displeasure!

In the centre of the plain stood a huge vulture,

looking like the evil genius of the place, who suffered us to approach within pistol-shot, then sullenly rose with a loud scream of indignation at our invasion of his territories, and sailed slowly away over the lake to his eyry in the mountains of Moab. Enormous locusts, three and four inches in length, of a yellowish green colour, were flying about; they were so large that, by the uncertain light of the early morning, I at first mistook them for birds: and a miserable hare, no larger than a rabbit, of a dusty-gray colour, started from beneath a bush. These were the only wild creatures that we saw.

The shores at this northern extremity are remarkably flat, and strewed with vast quantities of driftwood, white and bleached by the sun, which is brought down by the "swellings of Jordan." I did not perceive any bitumen lying about; but, as I was unable to dismount, I could not make a very narrow inspection. There were a considerable number of shells resembling the cockle along the shore. It was a sore disappointment to me that I was compelled to relinquish my intention of bathing in these memorable waters; one of my companions, however, did so, and his experience corroborated the accounts of their extraordinary buoyancy, which enabled him to float with a facility which he had never experienced in the sea. The lake was so shallow that he was obliged to wade a long way before he could obtain

sufficient depth for swimming; the bottom, when stirred, threw out quantities of fixed air bubbles, and the water, as it dried upon his skin, left a slight white incrustation, and was intolerably nauseous to the taste. My fellow-traveller related the result of his bathe to one of the Frenchmen in company, who never went within two hundred yards of the lake, though he was there for the express purpose of writing a book. "Ah, bah! monsieur," replied he, "it is all a fable!" So much for accuracy of investigation! My friend, being somewhat choleric, took him to task, upon which he beat a retreat.

The pilgrims, caring nothing about the philosophy of the Dead Sea, were eager to reach the sin-cleansing waters of Jordan, and hurried off in that direction; and our guards annoyed us considerably by urging us forward, and allowing us no time to linger here, as we would fain have done, alleging the everlasting bugbear of the Arabs, though not a single human being, except our own party, was visible.

Proceeding along the shore of the Dead Sea, we arrived at the mouth of the river, which was not more than fifty or sixty yards across, flowing between steep banks about fourteen feet in height, with sedges growing thickly at the bottom; higher up, the stream is overshadowed by willows and other shrubs. Riding along the bank for a couple of miles, and

passing through a thicket of tamarisks and oleanders, at a bend of the river thickly shaded with willows, we found the spot which tradition marks as that where the Israelites marched over Jordan, and where our Saviour was baptized. It was here fordable, being not more than four feet deep; the current rapid. The pilgrims immediately stripped, and rushing down the steep bank, plunged into the sacred stream. Many had brought a white robe with them to wear at this ceremony, among whom was a Greek priest, who was busily engaged in dipping his compatriots "seven times in Jordan." The process of ablution lasted half an hour, which if it did not, as they fondly imagined, wash their souls white, had that very desirable effect upon their bodies, which was, in most instances highly needful. When they were re-clad, and had filled their bottles with the holy water, and cut down branches of the willows to be carried off as mementos of the place, we returned towards Rihlah by a more direct route.

At some distance from the present bank of the Jordan is another line of bank. Whether this has been formed by inundations, or whether in ancient times the Jordan was a far more considerable stream than it is at present, is a question which I am unable to determine. The river was very low, although at this time of year (the middle of April) one might suppose that the melting of the snows of

Lebanon would have increased the body of its waters, if it ever did so.

Here we were on the point of having a very serious dispute with our escort. The Russian whom we had supplied with the means of travelling, came to us with his head broken, and covered with blood. As he could talk little of any language except Russ, we had some difficulty in discovering how this happened. At last we made out, that one of the Arab attendants, tired of walking, had uncere- moniously dismounted him with a bludgeon, and appropriated to himself the poor fellow's horse. As he and his countryman had been expressly committed to our care, by the Russian chancellor, we considered ourselves bound in honour to see him righted, and, accordingly, made a complaint to the sheikh, who only grinned grimly at us, through his white beard, treating the affair as a matter of no consequence; upon which one of my companions presented a pistol at his head, declaring that he should not stir a step till the assailant was seized and punished. Old Ibrahim, nothing daunted, drew back, and cocked his long gun in return; his men, following the example of their chief, did the same, particularly his son, a fine handsome lad of sixteen, who seemed eager for combat, and very well inclined to pull the trigger, had he not been restrained by his father. They took up a hostile position on one side, and we

drew up in battle-array on the other. It was now evident that some decisive step must be taken. The offending party had slipped off the horse during the altercation, and mingled with the crowd; and the Russian was too bewildered to identify him. So we ordered Dimitri, our dragoman, (a young Greek, who had been taken at the sack at Scio, and sold as a slave by the Turks, by whom all his family had been massacred,) and another Sciote, who had found out his countryman and joined him, to seize the nearest Arab, and tie him up. They, nothing loath to have their revenge upon a Mohammedan, obeyed the order manfully, securing the Arab's hands behind his back with a girth, while we threatened to bring down the vengeance of the governor of Jerusalem, the pasha, the porte, and Great Britain, upon the heads of any who attempted to hinder us,—knowing that bullying is the only way to manage these men. Sheikh Ibrahim, seeing the turn matters were taking, lowered his tone, pretending to have misunderstood us, and gave the Arab in charge to one of the guards. Soon after, the fellow, no doubt with the connivance of the soldier in whose custody he had been placed, contrived to slip his arms from the girth, and make off as fast as he could, of which we took no notice, as he was not really the offender, and our object had been accomplished.

We again reached Jeric could get nothing to satisfy except some scraps of dry bread. The prospect of starvation after our previous night's lodging to Jerusalem at all hazard of going back by the longer route. Halting for fresh our jaded horses, we entered the Holy City.

The day was oppressive under the shade of the rock tank in the citadel, stood at sunset, it became as bitter and piercing. Sheikh Ibrahim led us to the mountains, where, after he left us to our original plan, he left us upon us before we were dark,—our poor animals, at every step, and made us go over the rough path, so that we hailed the sight of the city. We reached the gates soon after and through the same round about bargaining, for a full hour on every occasion, before we gained ourselves once more within the city. Our troubles were at an

comfortable meal; but how grievously did we find ourselves mistaken in our reckoning! We had another castle to storm before we could arrive at the consummation on which our minds and bodies were now devotedly bent. The Greek monks, not expecting our arrival till the following day, had retired to rest, and all our shouting and thundering at the doors, for upwards of two hours, was in vain. We were making up our minds to sleep in the street, but resolved, as a last resource, to fire a volley at the only window that faced the street. The bullets made the lattice fly in all directions, and had the desired effect, presently bringing half a dozen of the monks to the door. It appeared that they had heard us, and truly we made noise enough; but, not supposing that we could have returned so soon, they fancied that it was an attack of the Turks, to whom they were in no hurry to open their portals. I must do the worthy fathers the justice to say, that, notwithstanding our uncereemonious mode of forcing an entrance, they received us most cordially, and bestirred themselves to get us some refreshment, which was highly necessary after twenty-eight hours' fasting, and sixteen hours' hard riding. Never was meal so luxurious as the dish of rice that was set before us, nor bed so soft as my old mattress, though worn so thin, from long travel, that it barely kept me off the floor, and was,

moreover, as lumpy as if it were stuffed with pebbles. We remained the next day to recruit, and on that which followed, took our final leave of Jerusalem.

The population of Jerusalem has been variously stated, at fifteen to twenty thousand; I should incline to the smaller number, if even that be not too high an estimate: though I never was in a town whose population it was so difficult to calculate. It has the character of being composed of the refuse of every nation. With regard to the Catholic monks, for example, I was assured by an Englishman, who had passed the greater part of his life in Syria, and had good opportunity of knowing, that they were guilty of every species of enormity. Many of these Franciscans have been banished from Europe for crimes committed and proved. One, in particular, was pointed out to me, as having been exiled from Spain, for poisoning a woman whom he had seduced, and having, since his arrival in Palestine, assisted a son in an attempt upon his father's life. The court of Rome is well aware of these facts, and, as the superiors retain their office for only three years, it has, three several times, sent out men of character to effect a reform; but they have not lived to tell the tale of their discoveries, having been all taken off on the eve of their departure for Europe. The Greek monks were very ignorant and superstitious,

but I have heard none of these malpractices laid to their charge. One thing struck me with regard to them, that they unhesitatingly distributed Testaments, supplied by the Bible Society, among their pilgrims. Of the Armenians I can say little, as I had no intercourse with them, but I believe them to be a far more intelligent body than either of the others.

Jerusalem was formerly annexed to the pashalik of Damascus, but has lately been attached to that of Acre or Sidon, whose pasha, Abdallah, is a most avaricious and exacting man. For several years he omitted to send his tribute to the porte, till he received a peremptory message to pay up all arrears, when he despatched the money under an escort of his own soldiers, whom he waylaid, and cut in pieces, in order to carry off their charge, pretending afterwards that it had been done by banditti. However, the porte was not to be blinded, and he had to refund, notwithstanding this bloody stratagem. Several anecdotes of the same kind, equally honourable, are related of him.

The war in Galilee made it unsafe for us to attempt that route, and the plague breaking out at Acre prevented our going thither; we therefore, had no better course to pursue, than to return to Jaffa, and hire a vessel to convey us to Beiroot. Upon our road back, we encountered hundreds of Greek

pilgrims, who informed us, that the plague was raging along the whole coast of Caramania, or Asia Minor; no pleasing intelligence, as our route homeward lay in that direction.

We reached Jaffa the second day after leaving Jerusalem, and were much struck with its pretty appearance, contrasted with the scenes of desolation we had so lately visited. We found the town in consternation, owing to sickness having broken out among the pilgrims lodged at the Greek convent; which, of course, was reported to be plague, and all communication was cut off. It turned out to be a false alarm. The cause of its breaking out at Acre, was the opening of a trunk, belonging to a Franciscan monk, who had fallen a victim to it four or five years since. A new superior, who had but lately arrived, insisted upon its being opened, that he might take possession of the effects of the deceased. Upon the hesitation of the others, he laughed at their fears, and proceeded to open the box himself; the consequence was, that he died in the course of twelve hours, and all the brethren in the convent were swept off in a very short time.

When this pestilence reaches a place from the northward, it is invariably more virulent, fatal, and extensive in its ravages, than when derived from the south, and it is then denominated the Black Plague. At Constantinople they esteem it of little

consequence, when it arrives from Smyrna or Egypt; but if it comes from Trebizond, and the shores of the Black Sea, it fills them with dismay. It is a most singular disorder, defying the researches of the most eminent physicians when they attempt to investigate its nature. It is unattended with fever, but there is an utter, rapid prostration of strength, accompanied with boils in all the glandular parts of the body. If the constitution has strength to support the breaking of these tumours, the patient will recover, and is less liable to another attack of it, though not, as the Turks suppose, entirely exempt. Those among them who have thus recovered, are distinguished by a peculiar turban, and are employed in attending the sick, and removing the bodies of the dead.

The plague usually ceases suddenly in the height of its ravages, and is seldom heard of after June; March, April, and May, are the months during which it is most prevalent. The Levantines abstain with superstitious horror from the mention of it by name; they say, the disease, or disorder, but never the plague. It had broken out at Smyrna, just before our arrival: of course, our first inquiry upon landing was about "la peste." Two or three persons whom we addressed, turned away without giving us an answer: at last, one replied, *Signori, siamo sporco*—"Gentlemen, we are unclean." The question each

morning was, not how many had died of the plague during the night, but how many "*accidents*" had occurred. It is altogether contagious; there is no danger in standing within two feet of a plague-subject provided there is no contact. Of one remarkable fact I was assured, that, the moment the bodies of its victims become cold, they no longer communicate contagion, although the clothes retain it for years.

We remained a couple of days beneath the roof of Signor Damiani, who entertained us by showing his diploma from the sultan as British vice-consul, exempting him and his dependants from the haratch, or poll-tax, *avantias*, or compulsory exactions, and a dozen other taxes, as well as from subjection to the civil and military authorities: and, further, allowing to himself the mighty privilege of wearing the white turban and yellow slippers peculiar to the Turks. During the life of his father, who held the same office, the poor man ventured to appear in public with these marks of distinction, and got soundly bastinadoed for his foppery. These Levantine vice-consuls receive no pay from the British government; but the privileges and immunities attached to their station, and the freedom from exactions, in a land where no man is sure of his own for a day, cause the office to be eagerly coveted: besides, they gain something by admitting persons as dependants

upon the consulate, and thus extending to them the protection of the British flag.

Having hired an open boat, with a crew of four stout seamen, to convey us to Beiroot, we took leave of our host, and M. Jabbaz, the Russian chancellor, who had been very kind and serviceable to us, and set sail, on the evening of Friday, the 15th of April, with a fair wind. On waking in the morning, we were abreast of some picturesque ruins, which the Rais called Atlief. We could not discover whether they were the ruins of Cæsarea, though from the situation they might possibly have been the remnants of that city. Having a fresh breeze astern, we quickly doubled the promontory of Mount Carmel, and opened the fine bay of Acre, at the bottom of which, about six miles distant, was seen the town. At mid-day we passed Tsour (Tyre), apparently nothing more than a miserable fishing village; and at sunset came to anchor for a couple of hours at Saide (Sidon), which appeared to be a place of some consideration, defended by fortifications; but it was too late to admit of our going on shore. The harbour is a roadstead, defended by a reef of rocks, as at Jaffa. The coast-scenery, during the whole of this day's voyage, was remarkably bold and fine, and behind were seen the snow-capped summits of Lebanon.

At four the next morning, we reached Beiroot,

which is very picturesque and beautifully situated. The town encircles a little bay, which is defended at one extremity by a castle, erected on a small promontory bearing a close resemblance to the feudal remains in England, and which added greatly to the interest of the scene. The country around appeared very rich and highly cultivated, being covered with fruit-trees, and white mulberry-trees for the growth of silk, which is its great staple; and behind all, rose majestically, the mighty Lebanon.

We landed upon a pier entirely constructed of fragments of marble columns, relics of the ancient Berytus, and were conducted by the consul's dragoman to an hotel kept by a Maltese, so that we could once more do as we pleased in our own inn. It being Sunday, we went to the consul's to divine service, which was performed by Mr. Bird, one of the two American presbyterian missionaries residing at Beirroot. Besides the missionaries, the consul, and their families, it was attended by two Armenians, an ex-bishop and deacon, who had renounced the communion of their own church, and were living under British protection. I should have wished it had been the service of the Church of England, instead of the Presbyterian; but at all events it was most delightful once more to be engaged in worship with an assembly of Protestant Christians, in a land overshadowed with such gross darkness, moral and religious.

The two missionaries were sincere and simple-hearted men, who had forsaken their homes for Christ's sake and for the Gospel's; but they appeared to me far better suited for the quiet labours of a parish in their own country, than to encounter the difficulties attending a mission in a land where the true light of Christianity has been so nearly extinguished. Indeed, they confessed that they had been able to effect nothing, although they had resided there five or six years. They had suffered much persecution from the native Christians. The first Summer after their arrival, they had retired to the mountains, as is usual during the heats, when they were placed by the Syrian bishops under the ban of excommunication, and would have been literally starved, had they not applied to the Turks for relief. The Syrian Christians are a most bigoted and intolerant race. Maronites, Catholic Greeks, and regular Greeks, bear a more intense hatred towards one another than even towards the Moham-medans.

We strolled out in the afternoon to look about us. Little is to be found, with the exception of a few isolated relics, to remind one of the magnificence of this once-celebrated Roman colony—the far-famed seat of Eastern jurisprudence—the mother and nurse of the law, as it was denominated by Justinian. The town itself is ugly and ill-paved, with narrow

streets, and is surrounded by a wall. It was formerly the metropolis of the Druses, and Fakir el Deen, one of their princes, of some celebrity, erected a palace here in the seventeenth century. He had travelled into Italy, where he imbibed some taste for the arts, and is reported, upon viewing Baalbec after his return, to have shed tears at the recollection of the devastation he had himself caused to be committed upon those noble ruins.

To the north there is a beautiful little bay, the Winter anchorage for vessels coming to Beirout, which lie off the town in the open sea during the Summer season. The upper side of this bay is formed by a noble and towering promontory, a branch of Lebanon. Upon the cliff were fragments of pillars, and on the beach, embedded in the sand, lay a perfect column, as if it had been rolled down from above. The Mohammedan burial-ground, upon the cliff overhanging the south side, was the scene of a combat between the Greeks and the Turks about eight years since, when the former made an unsuccessful attack upon the town; and a spot is pointed out, where two of the combatants grappled in mortal strife, and, rolling over the precipice, were dashed to pieces in each other's arms.

In a pretty retired nook just within the walls we found three considerable columns still standing, and by them a beautiful little mosque, with an orange-

tree of remarkable size growing beside it, over-shadowed by a fine plane, of a species I had never before seen. The rocks along the coast to the south of the town were cut and levelled as if for foundations. The ancient city must have extended a long way in that direction. Landwards there was a continuous wood of mulberry and other fruit-trees. The soil appeared uncommonly fertile, and reminded me of Naples. Indeed, the luxuriance of the trees bore testimony to its fertility. The fig-trees were the largest I had ever seen; I measured one of three stems, rising from the same root, which was fifty-two inches in girth, the other two being scarcely less.

This night we luxuriated between a pair of sheets, undisturbed by the insect-tribe,—two circumstances so remarkable in this part of the world, as to deserve being recorded.

A Syrian brigantine bound for the Archipelago was lying in the road, on board of which we engaged a passage. As she was not to sail for some days we were glad to avail ourselves of the interval, to visit Baalbec and Damascus. As it is unsafe to visit the latter in the Frank costume, (the inhabitants being the most fanatical people in the sultan's dominions,) we went to the bazaar to procure the materials for a Turkish dress. Having made the necessary purchases, we adjourned to a tailor's, who,

without moving from his board, took our measure with a plummet and line. I began to fancy myself in the Island of Laputa.

We dined with Mr. A., the consul, by whom we were most kindly and hospitably treated during our stay. He informed us that in two days he intended to send his dragoman on an embassy of congratulation to the emir Beshir, the prince of Lebanon, on his return from the capture of Nablous, whither he had gone with the pasha; and, that, if we pleased, we might accompany him to Beteddein, the emir's palace, and afterwards proceed to Baalbec; but that Damascus was out of the question, as he had that morning received a letter from that city, with the intelligence that the people were in open insurrection, had driven out the pasha and his troops, and were maltreating the Christians. We, of course, gladly closed with his offer of visiting Beteddein, and reluctantly gave up Damascus.

Meanwhile, the consul received a visit from three mountain-chiefs, who came attended by a retinue of twenty or thirty mounted followers. They were tall, powerful, fine-looking men, handsomely dressed, wearing enormous turbans of silk striped with various colours, which could not have been less than four feet in circumference, their arms richly embossed with silver. They walked about the house, prying inquisitively into every corner, not excepting

the bed-room of the consul's daughter, whose toilet they closely scrutinized. These warriors ate like children of the sweetmeats that were handed about, and showed the same delight in looking at some pictures brought forth by Mr. A. for their amusement. I inquired of the consul if they were Druses; one of them, catching the word Druse, comprehended the question: he laughed and shook his head, desiring him to tell us they were not Druses.

Of the peculiar tenets of the Druses, little is known, as they are kept a close secret among themselves. They are divided into two classes; the uninitiated, comprehending the far greater number, who are but little acquainted with the religious opinions of their own sect; and the Akkals, the initiated, or intelligents, who are admitted to their private assemblies, only after a certain probation, and are alone fully instructed in the articles of their belief, whatever they may be. The image of a calf is said to be an object of their adoration. At the consul's I was shown a bronze figure of that animal, which had been a Druse lar, or household-god. Outwardly they profess the religion of the strongest, and in Syria conform to Mohammedanism, attending the mosque and keeping Ramadan, the Turkish Lent; but they have no hesitation in transgressing the law of the Prophet, when they can do so unob-

served, and bear violent hatred against all religions but their own. The Franks are particularly obnoxious to them, and the direst insult one Druse can offer to another is, "May God put a hat upon your head!"—They intermarry only among themselves; the union of brothers and sisters is permitted: they have only one wife at a time, but they divorce her upon the slightest pretext. Their character is profligate and perfidious; but the laws of hospitality are held so sacred among them, that they have never been known to betray any who took refuge among them. Their principle in this point was frequently put to the proof during the tyranny of Djazzar Pasha, who in vain demanded that those who fled from him should be delivered up. Any insult offered to a Druse in public is deeply revenged, but when no one is by, they will submit to anything, even a blow. Their favourite dish is made with raw meat, particularly the heart and liver of any animal, chopped up with rice, which they devour with avidity. They are the most wealthy and powerful people of Lebanon. Their chief, El Sheikh Beshir, possesses five times the revenue, and infinitely more power, than the nominal ruler of the mountain region, the emir Beshir, who is unable to attempt anything without his concurrence and assistance. The Druses fancy that China is the chief seat of their religion, and that there also exists in England a large body of its

professors. While we were at Beteddein, one of them drew the dragoman aside, and desired him to inquire privately of us whether we were Druses, and if there were not a great many in England. I suppose that they had heard of the Druids, and had confounded the names.

Besides these there are other sects, of which little is known; the principal are the Anzeyreys, and the Ismaylys, who are said to profess a foul worship, and to celebrate it with abominable rites.

As it had been previously arranged, on the morning of the 22nd of April we set out with the consul's dragoman, a wily, oily-tongued Syrian, who, besides his master's compliments, was laden with a lion's hide and other presents for his highness the emir. Two hours were occupied in crossing the plain of Beiroot, which was all enclosed and highly cultivated. Leaving a noble wood of maritime stone-pines upon our left, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, and, about half-way up, passed the Catholic Greek convent of St. Antonio, from which there is a magnificent view towards Beiroot.

Throughout the whole of Lebanon every spot capable of receiving grain is under culture to the very summit. Having scaled the first ridge, a fine and extensive view opened upon us; we descended by a steep and rugged path through a wood of firs

to the valley through which runs the Nahr el Kadhi, or Judge's River, and crossed it by a stone bridge without parapets, beneath which, foaming over its rocky bed, roars the river below. From this bridge we once more ascended, till we reached the pretty village of Kefrnouta, embosomed in walnut and mulberry-trees, orchards, and vineyards, where, by a well, we halted to rest the horses. While there, a prince of high rank, escorted by a train of well-armed and well-mounted cavalry, came up, and likewise halted for the same purpose. They formed a most picturesque group, which, combined with the surrounding scenery, would have formed an admirable subject for the pencil.

Continuing our journey, we proceeded round the mountain, and descended to Deir-el-Kammar, which stands upon the declivity on the opposite side. Deir-el-Kammar, signifying the Convent of the Moon, so denominated because it contains a monastery dedicated to the Virgin, whose picture represents her as standing upon the moon, is the principal town belonging to the emir, having a population of from eight to ten thousand persons, the majority of whom are Christians, though there are a considerable number of Druses, and a few Turkish families.

Across a valley, perched upon a rock like an eagle's nest, on the side of the opposite mountain, rose Beteddein, to which we hastened, without

stopping at Deir-el-Kammar, and reached it just as the shades of night were closing around us. At the gate we were received by the emir's chamberlain, who ushered us into an apartment, which was to serve both for ourselves and our attendants; a dais or platform, furnished with cushions, at the upper end, raising us above the retainers. Pipes, sherbet, and coffee were immediately presented. The Syrian tobacco is of a very superior quality, and nothing can be more soothing and refreshing after a hard day's journey than a pipe and a cup of coffee, which one is sure of obtaining everywhere, whatever else may be wanting. Half his highness's household crowded in to look at us. One fellow could speak a few words of English, of which he was not a little proud. He had once travelled for a short time with an Englishman, from whom he had picked up his learning, upon the strength of which, he undertook to be interpreter to the others, to whom he explained everything after his own fashion. In the course of an hour, dinner, consisting of five dishes of meat, cut into small portions adapted to the finger and thumb, and an excellent pilaff* was brought in upon a round table, that stood about six inches from the ground, but neither plates, knives, nor forks, made their appearance. At our request, they brought some plates; but, as knives and forks were

* A dish of rice stewed with lamb.

luxuries unknown in Lebanon, we were compelled to make use of our pocket-knives. Water and towels, which the want of knives and forks rendered highly acceptable, were handed round, and followed by a second edition of pipes and coffee. Mattresses were then laid upon the dais, with thick cotton coverlets, to which a sheet was added. This was more than we expected, and should have enjoyed a pleasing repose, but for the early discovery that the palace was not more exempt from the attacks of insect-tribes than the humblest khan. The bugs at Beteddein were a giant race.

Next morning we were stirring betimes, to look about us before we were summoned to an audience of the great man. The palace, built by the present emir, and yet unfinished, is of Gothic or Saracenic architecture, and stands upon a platform of rock, steep and precipitous on three sides, and approachable only in one direction. It consists of two quadrangles; the outer and larger court, surrounded on three sides by buildings, comprehends the apartments for stranger-guests, rooms for the domestics, stables, kennels, and other offices. Its fourth side is defended by a low wall, four feet in height, commanding a view up the valley, and across it to Deir-el-Kammar. The inner quadrangle is considerably smaller, and entirely surrounded with buildings appropriated to the use of the family.

The whole *ménage* strongly reminded one of the old feudal times: the warders lazily stretched at the gate—horses saddled and picketed in the outer court, to be ready at a moment's call—retainers lounging about in all directions, the household consisting of two hundred persons—hounds basking in the sun—falconers, with hawks upon their arms—all these objects concurred to form a highly interesting and animated scene. The hawks were of two different species—one the common hunting hawk of England, the other a larger bird, with gray spotted plumage. The hounds were short-legged heavy dogs, resembling a cross between a beagle and a Spanish pointer. These are used to find the game, such as antelopes and other deer, at which, when started, the birds are let fly.

Some of the public apartments were shown to us: the council-chamber, or grand reception-room, was handsome, of square form, having the centre crowned by a dome, which rested upon four pointed arches, supported by light and elegant pillars. The walls, round which ran a cushioned divan, were covered with arabesque painting, having small landscapes in some of the compartments tolerably well executed: the floor was of marble. The baths consisted of three or four rooms of different temperatures, the floors of which were mosaic marble of different colours, upon which were stretched three or four persons under-

going the various operations of kneading, cracking of joints, lathering, and shaving. Some of the doors were pretty specimens of pointed architecture.

A messenger came to intimate that the emir's second son desired to see us; we accordingly proceeded to his apartment, and found him seated on his divan, carelessly twirling his beads with one hand, surrounded by a group of well-dressed personages. He was a fat, heavy-looking young man, with a very vacant countenance; he has, however, the reputation of being very clever; and is much in his father's confidence, the reins of government being usually intrusted to his care during the emir's occasional absences, his elder brother being half-witted: he lost his senses, they say, through terror under the ill-treatment he received at the hands of the Djazzar pasha, when formerly left as an hostage at Acre. The young prince beckoned to us to be seated by him, and made a few inquiries about our intended journey; but it was evident he had sent for us more to gratify his curiosity in looking at us, than for any other purpose, as the conversation flagged very much. We were by no means sorry when a summons from the emir himself put an end to the interview.

We were then conducted to a handsome room, having a grained-arched roof, with Arabic inscriptions upon the walls. In the middle of the apart-

ment, cross-legged upon the floor sat his highness, smoking a pipe of enormous length: his age was apparently about sixty-five, his countenance sharp, shrewd, and sarcastic; his gray beard, reaching below his middle, was by far the finest specimen of that ornament of the face that I had seen even in this land of beards. Having made our obeisance, he desired us to sit down by him, which was a great honour, not even allowed to his eldest son, who was kneeling before him, and bowed low whenever he was addressed by his father. He made many inquiries about England and her present policy, expressed great friendship for the English, and his wish to assist us and every British traveller to the extent of his power, and spoke in most affectionate terms of Sir Sydney Smith, to meet whom again, he said, he would go a long way, for Sir Sydney had rescued him from the clutches of Djezzar. He then summoned his secretary, and commanded him to write letters on our behalf to Ibrahim the moot-sellim of Zahle, where we purposed passing the night, and to the emir of Baalbec, requesting him to afford us safe-conduct. These epistles set forth in flowing and majestic terms, that the bearers thereof were princes of the highest rank in their own country, travelling by order of the king of England in search of knowledge; and a great deal more besides, to which we had as little right. He

dissuaded us, however, from attempting Damascus. We desired the consul's dragoman to express our warm thanks for his kindness, which he did with many oriental figures of speech, if one might judge from the length of his discourse and the vivacity of his action. The oration being happily concluded, we rose and took our leave. Every person seemed to have free access to the emir; several entered while we were there to present petitions, to which he immediately attended and returned answers.

The emir is by descent of a noble Arabian family, which came originally from Mecca, but have long been settled in Syria. While in the mountains he professes Christianity, to conciliate the Christian population of Lebanon; but he is a Mohammedan when visiting the pasha. His wife, to whom he was very constant whilst she lived, had died a few months before our visit; to console himself for her loss he sent off to Constantinople to purchase two of the fair sex, one as a wife for himself, the other for his son, which bargains had lately arrived, and had respectively cost five hundred and three hundred pounds. The old gentleman had chosen the best for himself; but the son, not pleased with his bargain, would have nothing to say to the inferior lady.

Having received our letters, and given one hundred piastres in *bucksheesh* to the servants, who eagerly crowded round, we mounted once more, and

resumed our journey. In two hours we reached Barouk, a pretty village surrounded by very fine walnut-trees. After leaving Barouk, we got into a wilder and more rocky country, with patches of snow lying here and there, and crossed a high pass over wretched paths, whence we descended into the Bekaa, the plain lying between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, the ancient Cœlo-Syria. The soil is rich, and watered by a hundred streams. The southern extremity of the ancient Cœlo-Syria, is now the Bekaa, and belongs to the emir Beshir; the northern is called Belad Baalbec, and is the territory of the emir of Baalbec, the Berdown or Zahle River dividing them. A number of villages are scattered over these plains.

We kept along the flat country for rather more than an hour, when, turning to the left, we entered the mountains again, and ascended Zahle, dismounting at the house of the mootsellim, or chief man of the town, to whom we presented the emir's letter of introduction. He seemed rather a surly old gentleman; however, he desired us to be seated, and, taking the pipe from his own mouth, presented it to us—always a token of welcome. His mansion was but an humble one, consisting of a single story, running round three sides of a small court, whence there was a pretty view down the ravine through which runs the river Berdown. We were

shown into a room having a single window, with nothing to keep the weather out but a broken shutter. The dais was appropriated to our use; the rest was occupied by our servants and some half dozen of the family besides. A huge bowl of rice was brought in, and thin sheets of dough-cake, baked on the griddle, were thrown down on the floor beside each, to serve the double purpose of bread and a napkin, a single wooden spoon being the only utensil furnished to help ourselves withal. When we had satisfied the cravings of hunger, the bowl of rice and the napkin-bread were removed below for the attendants.

The news of our arrival was quickly noised abroad, and half the population of Zahle poured in to visit us. The room was continually thronged with people, who were very inquisitive, and narrowly inspected our arms and all that belonged to us. A walking-stick gun which we had with us, and pistols with detonating locks, particularly attracted them. They took a childish pleasure in cracking off the caps, and could not make out how they could produce fire, and make such noise. One seized a sabre, and, flourishing it fiercely, exclaimed. "Let a dozen Turks come, I will cut the dogs to pieces!" Next day we met this hero at Baalbec, where Turks were plentiful; but he was quite crest-fallen and subdued: we joked with him upon his altered carriage.

"Ah!" replied he, "if I had them in the mountains!" These were a stout active race of men. We soon became uncommonly good friends; indeed, so much so, that we had some difficulty in clearing the room of them when we wished to retire to rest. At last, when we had succeeded in turning them out, our hostess, Ibrahim Mootsellim's wife, came in—a fat, jolly-looking dame of five-and-forty, the picture of rude health. She insisted upon our feeling her pulse. In the estimation of the people of the East, every Frank must be a hakim (physician). It was in vain we declared ourselves to be no hakims—she would not be satisfied till we had yielded to her request, which we did, assuring her that she stood in no need of medical aid. This opinion did not seem to please her: I am sure the most acceptable donation we could have bestowed upon her would have been a dose of medicine; unfortunately we had no means of gratifying her. She lingered long, unwilling to depart, till we were obliged to eject her by gentle force. We were frequently applied to for medicine, even by those who stood in no need whatever of it. Of their extreme eagerness after physic we heard a ludicrous instance at Constantinople. No person is allowed to practise there as a hakim without a licence from the government, for which, of course, they are obliged to pay highly. A man had set up as a doctor without this

diploma; the police were sent to apprehend him; but, instead of seizing the culprit, they allowed him quietly to slip away, while they made a rush at his phials and gallipots, and swallowed indiscriminately the whole contents of his physic-shop. Luckily it consisted of simples only, and no harm was done.

Zahle is one of the most considerable places in the emir Beshir's dominions, having a population of five thousand. It is prettily situated above the narrow ravine through which the Berdown winds its course, and is surrounded by vineyards. The houses are all of one story, built of wood plastered with mud, with flat roofs of the same material. Although it stands within the Druse country, its inhabitants are all Christians, Catholic Greeks, with the exception of a few Turkish families, who live upon very amicable terms with the others, but possess no mosque. No minaret rears its domineering head in Zahle, which is the seat of a bishop, and has a monastery called Mar Elias. The women were the prettiest we had seen in Lebanon, and did not conceal their faces; their dress was made of blue cloth.

We started at eight next morning, and proceeded along the ravine and the course of the river to the Belad Baalbec, which we reached at the village of Karak: the distance from Zahle to Baalbec is seven hours. The Belad Baalbec, notwithstanding its

fertility, is not a fourth part cultivated, owing to the oppressive tyranny of the emir of Baalbec; the Bekaa, which is under the less grinding rule of the emir Beshir, is in a more flourishing condition. At certain seasons of the year, tribes of wandering Arabs encamp here, paying tribute for the permission to graze their cattle. These plains, under a settled and equal government, would be wonderfully productive: being so well watered, they would never be subject to drought.

We stopped beside a spring about half-way to rest the horses, but found little refreshment ourselves from it, as the sun was extremely powerful, and there was no tree to screen us from its rays. I picked up here a very large chameleon, upwards of a foot in length, of a vivid green colour, which it never changed, though I endeavoured in various ways to make it alter its hue. It was very gentle, and made no attempt to escape, but grasped the stick which I held out to it, and suffered me to raise it in that manner.

The noble ruins which have given celebrity to these plains are seen from a considerable distance, rising above the wood of walnut and fruit-trees by which they are encircled, and present a very striking appearance. Within half an hour's ride of them we passed a small octagon building, consisting of eight granite pillars, with horizontal blocks of stone resting

upon them. Burckhardt mentions this as a real ancient temple, and probably he may be right, as he is generally most accurate; to me, however, it appeared the *membra disjecta* of some former building, put together to form a tomb for some Turkish santon; so much was I persuaded of this, that I did not dismount to examine it very narrowly, but only rode round it. A sarcophagus placed on end at one side, strengthened my opinion.

We reached the town about four o'clock. It lies on the east side of the plain, at the foot of Anti-Lebanon, called Djebel Essharki by the natives, and is a dilapidated miserable place; half the houses and mosques are literally in ruins, and the rest seemed in a fair way to follow their example. The inhabitants are chiefly schismatic Turks, called Metaweli; there are also some Christian families residing in the town. The emir was absent, so we could not present our letters. This perhaps was so much the better, as he would probably have done but little for us, except demand a heavy *bucksheesh* for liberty to inspect the ruins; for such is his character. A Turk, who stated that he belonged to the emir's household, took the letter of introduction, and said he would have it conveyed to his master, who was at some place five or six hours distant. We requested him to find a lodging for us, when he tried to separate us, and quarter us in different

houses, or rather holes, for they were no better. Not liking either this or his manner, which was such as to excite our suspicions, we declined having anything to say to him. While we were debating what course to pursue, a crowd collected round us, and annoyed us a good deal; to keep them quiet we showed them our arms, a thing which never fails to interest a Turk; and one of my companions, aiming at a mark with a walking-stick gun, had the good fortune to hit it fairly, which so delighted them, that they set up a loud shout, and, hoisting him upon their shoulders, bore him in triumph round the place. Seeing a Greek monk pass, we applied to him in our distress; he told us that the convent in which he and five other brethren resided had lately been thrown down by an earthquake, and that only three small apartments had as yet been rebuilt; but that one of them should be at our service if we chose to accept it. We instantly closed with his offer, and, glad to escape from the troublesome mob about us, followed him to a pile of ruins, in the centre of which stood the newly-erected rooms, one of which served as a kitchen, another was occupied by the monks, and the third was assigned for our use. It was but half finished, and the floor was nothing but the bare earth covered with loose stones, so that it required some time and labour to clear a space for our mats and bedding. Our next difficulty

was to procure something to eat; after some search we succeeded in getting a few eggs and a little rice. All this disagreeable but necessary business prevented us from going to look at the ruins till late in the evening, when it was too dark to see anything clearly; but our stroll among these time-hallowed relics of antiquity was not the less interesting.

The last rays of the setting sun, ere he sank in a flood of glory behind Lebanon, were gilding the upper portion of the temples and columns, while the gradually encroaching shadows of the mountains had thrown the gigantic platform, upon which they stood, into obscurity. The colossal magnitude of this enormous mass, the effect of which was heightened to sublimity by the uncertain light, filled the breast with the deepest impressions of awe. It appeared the work of some mightier being than man. The cyclopean remains in Italy dwindle to nothing in comparison; while above, shooting up into the twilight, rose the columns of a later age, so light, so beautiful, so exquisitely proportioned! The contrast was wonderfully striking. It was Ariel mounted on a mammoth's back. The evening was deliciously cool and refreshing to our fevered frames after our long exposure to the sun, during the ride over the sultry and shadeless plain of Beled Baalbec. We found it so enjoyable, that we con-

tinued to saunter about till a late hour, before we retired to our quarters for the night. As we were going to the temples, we encountered the Turk-challenging hero of Zahle, whom we engaged as guide to all that was to be seen, desiring him to attend us at sunrise in the morning, which he willingly undertook to do. We passed a night of undisturbed repose. This, to a person unacquainted with oriental travelling, will appear a matter of little surprise; but those who have sojourned in these countries, will remember how thankfully such nights are registered in the memory. Frequently have I leaped from my bed in a fit of fretfulness and irritation, of which I afterwards felt ashamed, and, stripping myself, have shaken and beaten my clothes, to try to get rid, if possible, of the restless causes of my annoyances.

In the morning, at day-break, our Zahlean friend arrived, true to his appointment, and we hastened once more to visit the object of our journey. When we arrived at the entrance, we found the Turk, to whom we had given the letter on the previous evening, awaiting our approach, and evidently bent upon extortion. He required an exorbitant *buck-sheesh* for permission to enter, and was very insolent and overbearing. He demanded of our Zahle guide how he dared to bring strangers there, without leave of him, the guardian of the temples.

The mountain-champion said not a word, but slunk behind us, to intimate that we must bear the brunt of the battle. We replied that we had come under the protection of the emir Beshir, and determined to view the ruins in spite of him, without paying a farthing of *bucksheesh*, and pressed on accordingly. This threw him into a violent rage: drawing his pistols, he declared that we should not proceed, and that the emir Beshir had no jurisdiction there, as the country belonged to the emir of Baalbec, under whose orders he was acting.

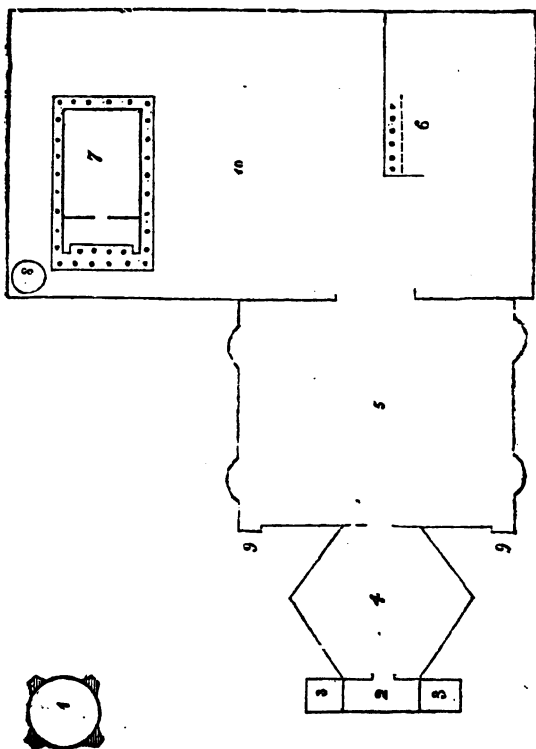
Our party was too small to hazard coming to open hostilities, which would have brought down the whole Mohammedan population upon us; so we were compelled, after some altercation, to compromise the matter, and take him as our Cicerone. While acting in that capacity he behaved with tolerable civility; but we had some further trouble with him afterwards.

We first visited the beautiful little circular temple of Corinthian architecture, which stands apart at no great distance from the great enclosure. It was formerly used by the Greek Catholics as a place of worship; but it is at present in too ruinous and tottering a condition for that purpose, from the effects of earthquakes. Fast nodding to its fall, it presents a singular appearance; not a pillar preserves

its perpendicular, and almost every stone has been moved from its place: it looks as if a slight push would overthrow it; another earthquake must lay its beauty even with the ground. So perfect are all the parts, hanging together in this disjointed state, that were it in any other country, it might easily be restored; but alas! destruction, and not restoration, is the order of the day among the followers of Mohammed.

The enclosure in which the principal ruins stand has been used by the Turks as a fortification; consequently, in parts, it exhibits a strange jumble of ancient and modern building, walls having been built up with fragments of cornices, architraves, and pillars, piled in most admired disorder. The chief entrance is through a screen, leading into an hexagonal court, flanked by two square battlemented towers, evidently the work of those who converted the edifice into a place of defence, as their character is totally at variance with that of the rest; they are further defended by a wall of fragments connecting them in front, a breach in which affords the only means of ingress.

The annexed ground-plan was hastily sketched upon the spot, merely by the eye: therefore it pretends not to accuracy, but it may serve to give some idea of the nature and extent of these noble ruins.



1. A little circular temple of Corinthian architecture.
2. Chief entrance to the grand temple, now walled across.
3. 3. Square towers on each side of the entrance.
4. An hexagon court.
5. Quadrangle, formerly surrounded with arcades.

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6. Remains of a temple, of which only six pillars are standing.
7. Great temple, nearly perfect.
8. A building supposed to be Turkish, strongly built, with very thick walls.
- 9, 9. Entrances to the vaulted passages that run round beneath the quadrangle.
10. Platform on which the temples stand, constructed of enormous stones.

The hexagonal court is quite in ruins; the nature of the buildings which it contained is not now discoverable. From hence we entered a quadrangle of considerable size: round this formerly ran arcades, which exist no longer, but the walls from which they sprang still remain, having two alcoves, or semicircular recesses, on each side. A row of blind windows, or niches for statues, ornamented with rich mouldings and architraves, and divided by pilasters, extends the whole length of these walls, above which there is an attic story with similar mouldings. The ground in the centre is elevated; but whether it is owing to the accumulation of rubbish, or the remains of an altar upon which smoked the hetacombs to Baal, must be left to conjecture. Beneath this quadrangle there is a vaulted passage running all round, sufficiently wide and lofty to admit of a carriage being driven through it.

This quadrangle leads into the court containing the great temple, which stands on the left, while on the right rise six tall columns, the remains of a similar sanctuary. This temple is wonderfully per-

fect; the architecture is of the Corinthian order, and belongs to the most classical age of Roman art. I have seen nothing in Italy that surpasses it; indeed, I may say, nothing that equals it. It is built of a compact primitive limestone; the pillars, of which there are four on each side, and eight at the extremities, I computed to be rather above sixty feet in height, composed of three pieces joined together by a square piece of iron fitted in sockets in the centre: one or two of these had slipped from their pedestals, and reclined unbroken against the wall of the temple. They were crowned by a noble architrave and beautifully-carved cornice. The peristyle was covered by an arched roof of stone, cut in patterns, with medallions in high relief of mythological subjects admirably executed. The portico, which once displayed a double row of columns, is destroyed, and the original entrance closed up, so that one is compelled to enter through a hole in the wall. The pronaos is also much dilapidated, and the pillars that supported the roof are gone. The doorway leading from thence into the body of the temple, is twenty-one feet in width; the mouldings and other ornaments are the richest I ever beheld. The lintel is composed of three huge blocks, two on either side entering far into the wall, the third of the form of a wedge; the key-stone has slipped from its position, and hangs by so slight a tenure as to excite the feelings of

Damocles in those who stand beneath. Upon this is carved a splendid relief of an eagle grasping a caduceus in his talons, and surrounded by a wreath, the two ends of which he holds in his beak. On each side a spiral staircase ascended to the top; the roof, however, has fallen in. The interior walls of the temple are surrounded by a double row of pilasters, having niches for statues between them, and at the upper end is the recess that once contained the image of the deity to which it was dedicated. The dimensions are one hundred and ninety-two feet in length, by ninety-six in breadth. The interior is much encumbered by fragments and rubbish, and without are seen lying in every direction broken shafts, capitals, and other architectural remains, which would supply a rich treat, either to the architect or the painter.

Closely adjoining to this temple, is a circular building, probably Turkish, with walls of remarkable thickness, containing a vaulted apartment, lighted with narrow lancet windows. Nearly in a line with it, on the opposite side, but standing on somewhat higher ground, rise the before-mentioned columns, six in number, supporting an architrave, the beautiful remains of a noble edifice: they also are Corinthian, taller, more slender, and, if possible, more elegant than those which encompass the temple. Numbers of their fellows lie prostrate around them,

levelled by the sacrilegious hands of the Turks for the sake of the iron they contained. The sight of them so vehemently excited our indignation, that we felt much inclined to take vengeance upon our Turkish companion, for the barbarous devastations of his countrymen, not to mention the slight grudge we had towards himself individually.

But, beautiful as are these structures, and replete with interest and delight to any person pretending to the slightest taste for works of art, they yield as objects of wonder to the wall which encircles them, or rather, upon which they stand; for their base is nearly on a level with its top. Maundrell, writing in an age when they were little known, seems almost afraid to hazard the relation. "Here," says he, "is another curiosity of this place, which a man had need to be well assured of his credit before he ventures to relate, lest he should be thought to strain the privilege of a traveller too far. That which I mean is a large piece of old wall, or περιβολος, which encompassed these structures last described." The whole is composed of blocks of stone of such magnitude, that the very least of them would excite astonishment were they met with elsewhere; but here, eclipsed by three enormous monsters, lying consecutively in the same course of the building, about twenty-five feet from the ground, they are overlooked as trifles in comparison. They were at

too great a height to allow us to measure them; but, in the quarry whence they were hewn, about a mile distant, at the foot of Anti-Lebanon, there yet remains a similar block unremoved, apparently of nearly the same dimensions, which we were enabled accurately to take, and found to be sixty-eight feet in length, fourteen in height, and sixteen and a-half in breadth. If, then, the three stones in the wall be of the same size, which appeared to be the case, they would occupy a space of sixty-eight yards. By what mechanical powers they were conveyed the distance of a mile, and then raised to their present position, passes our comprehension; one is therefore not surprised that it should be referred by the people of the country to diabolical agency. The height of the wall is in proportion. It is evidently not the work of those who erected the temples, but of some earlier period. What is very remarkable, no mention is made of this "wonder of Syria," by any of the classic authors. The only notice discovered of it is in a fragment of a work by John of Antioch, who assigns to Antoninus Pius the honour of building that beautiful monument of Roman architecture, the temple.

Among the cities enumerated in the eighth chapter of Chronicles as being built by Solomon, is Baalath in Lebanon. The similarity of name and situation identifies it at once with Baalbec,—and Baalath is

mentioned, by Josephus, as one of the places of pleasure erected by that king in Syria, on account of the temperature of the climate, the delicacy of the fruits, and the excellence of the air and water. It may possibly be that these are the remains of the House of the Forest of Lebanon, described in the seventh chapter of the first Book of Kings, as formed of "costly stones, according to the measures of hewed stones, sawed with saws within and without, even from the foundation to the coping, *and so on the outside towards the great court*, and the foundation was of costly stones, *even great stones*, stones of ten cubits, and stones of eight cubits." Though these measures fall far short of the dimensions of the larger stones above-mentioned, they would very well tally with those of the generality of the blocks of which the wall is composed.

Among these most interesting relics of the ancient days we remained six hours, which flew away like so many minutes. It was with great regret that we left them. Much did we desire to compare them with Palmyra; but that was an affair of too much time and difficulty to be thought of. By those who have seen both, I was told that Palmyra is much inferior in its details to Baalbec, but superior in general effect, from the greater extent of ruins and the long avenues of columns which adorn it.

We returned to our quarters, to load the mules

and take leave of our hosts, who appeared quiet good sort of men, standing in great fear of the Mohammedans. They were very thankful and contented with what we gave them; not so the insatiable Turk, who again attacked us, as we sallied forth on our return to Zahle, attended by about twenty others. Affirming that what we had previously given him had been a personal gratuity for his own services, he now demanded tribute for the emir. This we positively refused, and, presenting our pistols, told him to stop us at his peril, and so rode on. He made no attempt to detain us, but seized the baggage-mule, which the muleteer, being himself a Turk, made no effort to prevent. We were, therefore, obliged unwillingly to ride back; and, after a long and blustering altercation, we agreed to ransom the animal for twenty-four piastres, about ten shillings.

Nothing particular occurred during our return to Zahle, excepting that we passed some women on horseback wearing the tantour, that extraordinary ornament of the head worn by the Druse females: it is a horn of silver, or of copper silvered over, according to the wealth of the wearer, a foot and a half or two feet in length, springing from the top of the forehead, like the horn of a unicorn, and adorned with raised figures of stars, animals, and a variety of patterns. Over this hangs a drapery of white muslin, by means of which the wearer can conceal her features



Druso females wearing the Tanbur.

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at pleasure. This horn is fixed upon a cushion fastened upon the head with such cumbrous machinery that it is sometimes not taken off for a month together—a most inconvenient nightcap, one would suppose, for any lady.

In another district this ornament assumes a different form, resembling two large wine-funnels joined together, or a devil upon two sticks in the game once so fashionable in England. This is put on so as to stick out horizontally over the left ear, and upon it the drapery of the veil is arranged.

We reached Zahle about an hour after dark, and went to our old quarters, which we found partly occupied by a Damascene Turk, the civilest and most gentlemanly specimen of the race we had yet encountered, who told us that the insurrection at Damascus had been quelled, and that, if we chose to accompany him home, he would provide us with lodging and guarantee our safety. But it was now too late; so we were obliged to decline his offer. Our old acquaintances again poured in upon us. We had brought some fire-works from Rome, thinking they might be useful, and, on one occasion, they proved so—we illuminated the interior of the great pyramid with Bengal lights, that gave us a distinct view of the whole, which could not have been obtained by means of tapers, which were lost in the darkness. Having a few of these fireworks remaining, we indulged our Zahle friends with an exhibition in

the court of the mansion, whereat they were exceedingly delighted, testifying their pleasure by shouting and firing their pistols. The noise and smell of gunpowder seemed congenial to their souls: even the grim countenance of the old moot-sellim Ibrahim relaxed into the semblance of a smile.

The distance from Zahle to Beiroot by the direct route is twelve hours; we started at four o'clock in the morning: before we mounted, our hostess came to take leave of us, and receive a present in return for the hospitality of the house, and again insisted on having her pulse felt. Beckoning to us to follow her, she led us into the female apartment, where, reclining upon the ground, fast asleep, lay her three fair daughters, whose pulses she also wished us to consult. This honour we declined, not knowing how far old Ibrahim would be pleased at our invading his female territories, and soon retreated.

Shortly after leaving Zahle we came suddenly upon two very large wolves, which made off at speed at our approach. The ride was very fatiguing, and the sun so powerful as to peel the skin off our faces. The views, descending towards Beiroot, were magnificent. On our road we passed several long strings of camels laden with merchandise. We reached our destination about five o'clock in the afternoon, highly delighted with our excursion. Parts of the mountains are very fertile; grain,

mulberries for silk-worms, and vineyards, form the chief cultivation. They produce excellent and very full-bodied wines; we tasted six or seven different kinds at the consul's table, both white and red, and all good.—Lebanon is also rich in minerals, but there is no one to sink a mine. A vein of coal had lately been discovered. What a fine territory would it be under any but the Ottoman yoke, which is a heavy yoke indeed!

Our funds were completely exhausted, and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could get a bill for fifty pounds cashed at Beiroot; the whole town had to be hunted over before the necessary quantum of dollars could be procured—such an utter stagnation of commerce is there in these countries: at Jaffa we had tried in vain.

On the second day after our return we took leave of Mr. A. and his family, to whom we were indebted for much kindness and hospitality, and bade adieu to Syria. In spite of the utmost discomfort, and total want of every kind of convenience, which attend the traveller, I left it with regret, and should have been greatly pleased to prolong my stay for several months in a country affording such a wide field for research, and abounding with such an inexhaustible store of interesting associations.

Our little vessel, being not more than seventy tons burden, afforded us but very confined quarters; she was, however, only just off the stocks, and there-

fore perfectly clean—a most fortunate circumstance, as we had a long and weary voyage of twenty-nine days before we reached Smyrna, an alternation of calm and adverse gales of wind; which of the two is most irksome, is hard to determine. The crew consisted of Syrians and Greeks, who formed two parties, and were continually squabbling—the captain being the leader of the former, and the boatswain (a ruffianly-looking pirate), of the latter. In foul weather, the boatswain, who was the only seaman on board, had the pre-eminence; but at other times the captain, a thorough lubber, used to swagger and vindicate his authority. There was one Mussulman in the ship, Hassan, by far the most quiet, civil, and best-behaved man among them. Our course was nearly that of St. Paul in his last visit to Phœnicia, previous to his being seized at Jerusalem, and compelled to appeal unto Cæsar. We were two days in making Cyprus; nothing particular occurring during the passage, except that we passed a very perfect water-spout at the distance of a mile. It was the Greek Easter-day when we entered the Bay of Larnica, and the Greek sailors applied to us for some powder to fire off an old rusty four-pounder in honour of the festa; after which they danced, more vigorously than elegantly, upon the deck, to the music of a nondescript instrument between a fiddle and a guitar.

As, coming from Palestine, we had the mark of

the plague upon us, we were not allowed to enter the town; though everything we required was brought down to the beach to us, and we deposited the money for payment in a vessel full of water, which was placed beside our purchases to receive it. Dr. Merryon, late physician to Lady Hester Stanhope, who was at Larnica, on his way to England, hearing of our arrival, kindly came down to see us. We had some interesting conversation with him, and he afterwards sent us some Cyprus wine and a quantity of Lady Hester's own tobacco. He assured us that many of the stories current in England of that extraordinary woman were untrue; and that several travellers had written accounts of a sojourn at her residence at Mar Elias, and of long interviews with her, who, to his certain knowledge, had never seen her, if even they had ever been under her roof.

The British consul, Signor Vendimiani, offered to get us admitted to pratique in the course of two or three days, if we chose to remain so long; but the delay not suiting our purpose, we sailed again that night, and ran along the southern coast of the island, and were six days before we cleared it. The shores, rocky, bleak, desolate, and rife with malaria, present nothing to the eye to remind one of the favourite seat of Venus and the Loves, though parts of the interior are, I believe, very beautiful. Getting

short of water and provisions, we sent the boat ashore to fill the casks; the crew brought us off two sheep, for which we paid two shillings a-head.

From Cape Epifanio, the western extremity of Cyprus, we bore up for Cape Chelidonia, on the coast of Asia Minor, the Sacrum Promontorium of the ancients; a fine bold headland at the entrance of the Bay of Satalia, behind which rose majestically the snow-capped heights of Mount Taurus. Coasting along thence, a gale of wind drove us for shelter into the harbour of Castel Rosso, the ancient Megisthe, a beautiful circular basin formed by the rocky and lofty island of that name and the mainland, having sufficient depth of water for a line-of-battle ship. Two or three vessels, crowded with our old acquaintances; the Jerusalem pilgrims, were lying there. The town, though castellated, and picturesque as seen from the harbour, contains nothing to repay the trouble of walking through its narrow and dirty streets: it is inhabited chiefly by Greeks. We here met a jolly Turk, who had once commanded a corvette belonging to the sultan, in which he had made a voyage to London, of which he talked in raptures as the finest place in the world. Accustomed to the tideless Mediterranean, the ebb and flow of the Thames had particularly struck him; but he insisted, in defiance of all we could say, that the river always ran upwards before mid-day, and downwards after. He was going to Satalia, where the plague was carrying

off fifty a day, to look after his wife and children; but the expectation of finding them also swept away did not seem in the least to affect his spirits.

Leaving Castel Rosso, after we had beat to windward for twenty-four hours, another storm came on, and forced us to tack about again. We attempted to come to anchor in the little Bay of Callimachi, (which is at no great distance from Patera, where St. Paul embarked in the ship which he found "sailing over unto Phœnicia;") but, the bottom being rocky, the anchor dragged, and we very narrowly escaped going ashore. By dint of great exertion we at length got out again, and ran before the wind for Castel Rosso. When we had just reached the anchoring-ground, a squall, which raised the water like dust, came down upon us, and split our main-sail: fortunately the two anchors, which were immediately let go, brought the vessel up.

Two days after, we made a more successful attempt to continue our voyage. Doubling the noble promontory of the Seven Capes (Cragi Vertices), backed by the snowy ridges of Cragus and Anti-Cragus, we crossed the Bay of Macri and Marmorice (Glaucus Sinus), and, running through the straits that divide the fine island of Rhodes from the main, entered the Ægean and wandered among the Sporades. This sea, owing to the countless islands, islets, and rocks, scattered around in every direction as far as the eye can reach, with a continued succession as one

advances, exhibits a most singular appearance: they look like the shivered fragments of a ruined world, —for the most part raggy and bare, possessing, with few exceptions, but little beauty beyond that of outline, which is very grand. The navigation must be very dangerous, for which ever way the wind blows, there must be a lee-shore. We encountered some very tempestuous weather, and, on one occasion, with some difficulty got into the harbour of Calymno, an island close to Stanco (the ancient Cos), when the gale increased to a hurricane, which obliged us, though lying under the shelter of the land, to strike our top-masts. Calymno is a little independent state, if that can be called a state where there exists neither form of government nor laws beyond those which custom has established. The inhabitants chiefly gain their livelihood by sponge-fishing.

Weighing from Calymno, we stood away for Samos, passing the lofty and mysterious Patmos on our left. The obstinacy of the captain here added nearly three days to our tiresome voyage: instead of passing to the westward of Samos, as he might easily and quickly have done, in despite of all that could be urged by us, and indeed the best part of his own crew, he insisted upon taking the eastern passage, through the narrow straits between the island and the continent, and thus got us embayed in the deep Gulf of Samos or Ephesus.

This circumstance suggested to one of my com-

panions (to whom I stand indebted for reminding me of it) and myself, an explanation of what appears an extraordinary statement in the narrative of St. Paul's voyage. To give this has been my chief inducement to add this brief account of our voyage, assured that nothing, however trifling in itself, that tends to elucidate the Sacred Writings can be unacceptable. In examining the history of St. Paul's visit to Miletus (Acts xx.), it is difficult to understand why he should sail *by* the Gulf of Ephesus, and go onwards, and apparently out of his way, to Miletus, for the purpose of having an interview with the Ephesian elders, to summon whom he had to send *back* a messenger to Ephesus. Now it took us two days' hard beating before we could get out of the Gulf of Samos, or Ephesus, in a vessel probably far better calculated for turning to windward than any that existed at the period when St. Paul lived. Had he, therefore, at any season of the year, but more especially in the Spring, (and his voyage was a little after Easter, "for he hastened, if it were possible for him, to be at Jerusalem the day of Pentecost,") run down to Ephesus, situated as it was at the very bottom of this deep gulf, he must necessarily, in consequence of the westerly winds, which blow here for the greater part of the year like a monsoon, have been delayed many days, which was the very thing he was anxious to avoid. *"Ἐκρινε γὰρ ὁ Παῦλος παραπλεῦσαι τὴν Ἐφεσον, ὅπως μὴ γένηται αὐτῷ χρονοτριβῆσαι ἐν τῇ*

Ἀσία. He therefore passed to windward of Samos, and landed at Trogyllium, thence proceeded to Miletus, and from Miletus sent to summon the elders of Ephesus to his presence, leaving his vessel at Trogyllium, and rejoining her after his interview, that she might not be embayed by running down to Mycali, but might run towards Patmos, and then, with a flowing sheet, proceed to Coos. "And it came to pass, after we had launched, we came with a *straight course* into Coos." (Acts xxi.) If the winds in St. Paul's days were, with the other great features of nature, the same as they now are, and understood so to be by the navigators of the time, the course which he actually took is fully accounted for; but in no other way do I see how it can be well explained consistently with his object of *saving* time.

At last we did escape from the Bay of Samos, and reached the Straits of Scio, passing to the eastward of that most lovely island, by far the most beautiful of any we had yet seen. Though the wind, as if determined always to baffle us, had veered against us, and prevented us from running through these straits, our captain would not put into the harbour of Scio, but brought the ship to anchor about a mile and a half from the town; neither would he suffer the crew to put us on shore in the boat, though we had a fierce quarrel about it, because, he affirmed, the Turks would seize them to compel payment of the haratch, or head-money (two

dollars each man), which he was not disposed to incur.

Scio, at the distance, whence we viewed it with longing eyes, had a most charming appearance,—white houses and villas, on the surrounding slopes, peeped smilingly from among the groves of oranges, lemons, pomegranates, figs, &c.; gentle hills, seemingly all fertility, and clothed with wood, rose in succession behind, increasing in altitude as they receded from the town, till, in the centre of the island, they were elevated into a lofty and majestic ridge. But our telescopes told a tale of misery: these apparently smiling and happy dwellings proved for the most part to be mere shells, disfigured by the black marks of conflagration,—a melancholy monument of the cruel vengeance inflicted by the Turkish fleet under Capudan Pasha, in 1822, when 25,000 of its inhabitants fell beneath the Moslem sword, and 30,000 more were sold into captivity.

In the evening a gentle and more favourable breeze sprang up, under whose influence we stole along these beauteous shores, which looked almost more lovely beneath the beams of the full moon, than in the mid-day blaze. Next morning we were off the promontory of Karabouroun, at the entrance of the Gulf of Smyrna, which we doubled about mid-day; when we went away gallantly at the rate of ten knots, before almost the first fair wind with which we had been favoured since starting. At

nightfall, when we were nearing the extremity of this noble gulf, we suddenly shoaled water. The crew instead of putting the vessel about, ran up the rigging in a fright; fortunately we only just scraped the bank, and soon got into deep water again. We now discovered that not a man among them had ever been at Smyrna before, or even knew in which direction the town lay; notwithstanding which they had stood in, with every stitch of canvas set. We had with us, luckily, a chart of the Mediterranean, containing directions for making the various harbours, which enabled us to pilot them in. Next morning we landed, right glad to find ourselves once more on terra firma: and thankful to Providence for the prosperous issue of our long and arduous tour, and for the health and spirits we had throughout enjoyed. The intelligence of the breaking out of the plague greeted us on landing; but we soon forgot it in the cleanliness and European comforts, which we found at the boarding-house of Signora Marnicini, which we most thoroughly enjoyed after so long an abstinence.

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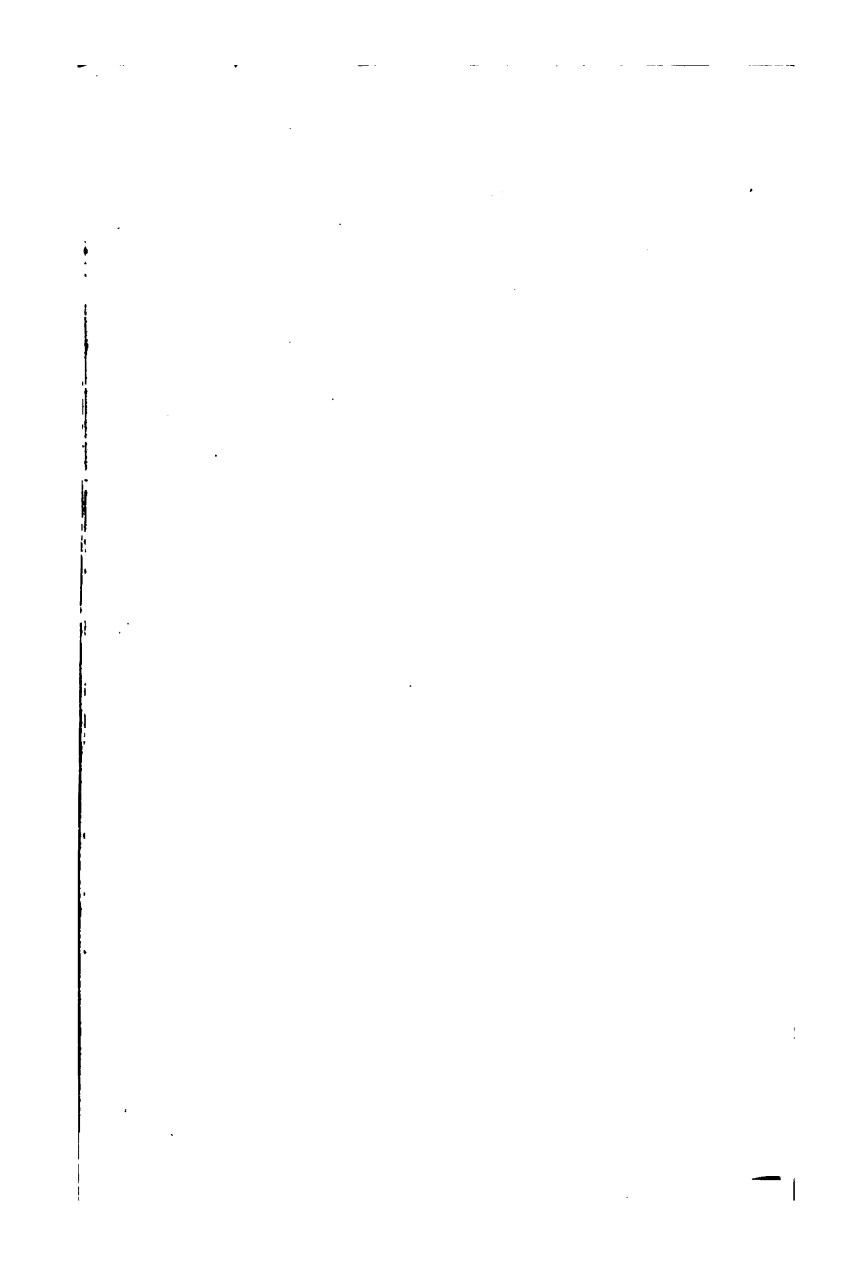
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